

NEW YORK. AUGUST 20, 1926

No. 1090

Price 8 Cents

FAME & FORTUNE WEEKLY.

STORIES OF
BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY.

**TEN SILENT BROKERS;
OR, THE BOY WHO BROKE THE WALL STREET SYNDICATE**

By A SELF-MADE MAN.

AND OTHER STORIES



Roy, following Broker Jessup into the corridor, beheld, to his amazement, nine men, dressed and looking alike, drawn up in a row. Each held a certificate of stock in his hand.
Roy recognized them as the silent brokers.

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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TEN SILENT BROKERS

OR, THE BOY WHO BROKE THE WALL STREET SYNDICATE

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—A Dark Mystery.

"Hello!" exclaimed Roy Woods, halting among the rocks that lined a certain section of Narragansett Bay, not far from the town of Newport, then at the height of its season. "Was that the cry of a human being in distress?"

The boy bent forward in a listening attitude, trying to pierce the obscurity ahead with his bright, sharp eyes; but the cry was not repeated.

"I must have been mistaken," he muttered, resuming his way with much caution.

It was a dark, threatening night.

Black clouds overspread the sky, and as fast as they spread across other dark masses came up from the horizon to succeed them.

The tide was rising fast, its advance being accelerated by the half gale that had been blowing since sunset, and the dark water roared and foamed among the jagged rocks, and swept higher and higher up the patches of hard white beach.

Roy Woods was a stranger in Newport.

He had been invited down to that fashionable and exclusive summer resort by his employer, George Jessup, a prominent Wall Street broker, whom he served as messenger, to spend Saturday afternoon and Sunday at his villa, for he stood high in the esteem of his boss.

The Jessup cottage, known as "Seagull's Nest," was perched upon the extreme point of a promontory overlooking the bay.

Wild and unpropitious as was the night, and not without danger as was the passage of the shore route at that time of the tide, Roy, who had attended the Saturday night concert at the Casino, elected to return to "Seagull's Nest" by the short cut, thus saving himself two miles by the round-about road.

Had he been better acquainted with the perils of the undertaking on such a night it is probable he would not have attempted it; but Roy was naturally a fearless youth, blessed with ruddy health and exuberant spirits, and the thought that there was some risk in the venture made him all the more eager to push ahead.

He had covered about half the distance when the cry which he heard attracted his notice.

Pushing ahead, after a brief pause, he rounded a jutting rock and came in sight of the long patch of beach which led right to the point on which Mr.

Jessup's cottage stood, a mark for the elements when in a pugnacious mood.

With a sigh of satisfaction he saw that he was leaving the worst of his precarious journey behind him, and that the way ahead was all plain sailing.

All he had to do now was to descend the rocks by a circuitous pathway to reach the hard, level beach.

As he started to do so he suddenly noticed that there were others abroad in this locality besides himself.

Coming toward him, along the beach below, was a bunch of men.

They reached the path over the rocks that he was following himself and began to ascend it.

They came on now in single file, for the way was narrow.

By the confident manner in which they pursued their route, notwithstanding the darkness and difficulties of the path, it was apparent that they were not strangers to the locality.

They did not look once toward the boy, nor pause in hesitation, but walked quickly and steadily forward.

Roy saw that he would have to step aside to let them pass.

Either they had not seen the boy, or his presence there was a matter of indifference to them, for they passed within a yard of him without looking in his direction.

He counted ten well dressed men, whose air betokened that they belonged to the upper class.

Not a word fell from their lips as they pursued their way, in Indian fashion, one behind the other, like so many grim, silent phantoms.

Roy looked after them, wondering whence they had come, until they vanished, one by one, in the gloom ahead, and were gone.

He left the shelter of the rock and took to the downward path again.

Walking ahead, with each incoming wave almost lapping his shoes, he suddenly stumbled over a yielding object in his path.

It was the body of a handsome, well attired gentleman. "My gracious!" exclaimed Roy with a gasp of consternation. "There is blood upon his head and on the rocks, too! What does this mean? Did he fall, trying to climb the rocks? Yet why should he try to climb them at this point? It wouldn't be possible for him to do so."

The young Wall Street messenger bent down, and unbuttoning the man's vest listened for evidence of life.

Not the faintest heart-beat reached his ear.

Striking a match, he flashed it in the gentleman's face.

The half-opened eyes, dropped jaw, ashen countenance, told their fatal story—the man was dead, beyond a reasonable doubt.

"It was not the scream of a seagull I heard, then, but this man's death cry," muttered Roy. "Was it an accident or—murder?" added the boy in a hushed whisper. "Those ten well-dressed gentlemen who passed me on the rocks must have been near here when I heard that cry. They had to pass this point, and could not have helped seeing this body. Why did they pass it unnoticed? This gentleman is dressed very like themselves."

Roy struck another match and viewed the body again.

Then he saw, to his surprise, that the pockets were turned inside out, and from the torn button-hole of his white vest he judged that the dead man's watch-chain had been roughly torn away.

"A crime has certainly been committed here, for the man has been robbed. This was no accident, but a piece of deliberate villainy!"

The rapidly rising water showed Roy that unless he made a move he would soon have to wade through the inrolling waves.

"I can't leave the corpse here. It would be borne out into the bay, perhaps to sea, and thus all trace of the crime would be covered up. The police and coroner will have to look into this. I'll drag the body out of the reach of the tide, and then carry the news to Mr. Jessup. He will, no doubt, have the dead man removed to his barn, for it would not do to leave it all night on the beach in face of the coming storm."

Accordingly, Roy lifted and carried the body to a safe spot, and then lost no time in getting back to the cottage on the point.

CHAPTER II.—Roy tells his story and the mystery deepens.

It was certainly a startling bit of news that Roy carried to Mr. Jessup in the smoking-room, on the ground floor, where he sat surrounded by his four male guests.

"What's that you say, Roy? You came around by the shore on a night like this, and you a stranger in this neighborhood?" exclaimed the broker in some astonishment.

"Yes, sir."

And why did you do that? Isn't the road good enough for you?"

"Yes, sir; but I saved two miles by coming along the shore."

"By the way, you look somewhat excited. What is the matter?"

"I ran across the body of a well-dressed gentleman on the beach, at a point about half a mile from here."

His words produced an immediate sensation in the room.

"The man had seemingly been murdered, and evidently robbed," went on Roy.

"This must be attended to," said the broker,

getting up. "I presume you could lead the way to the place where the body lies?"

"Yes, sir. It is close to where the rocks jut out across the beach."

"I know the spot."

Mr. Jessup rang for a servant, to whom he gave certain directions, then he and his friends left the room to get their coats and hats.

When they returned, the gardener and the footman were waiting outside with a barrow, much mystified as to the errand they were about to engage in.

Roy and Mr. Jessup led the way to the beach, down a wide, walled-in path, the four guests followed, and the factotums, with the barrow and a lantern, brought up the rear of the procession.

A vivid flash of lightning illuminated bay and beach with a bluish light as they reached the shore, and these flashes occurred at intervals, with more or less intensity, as they approached the jutting point of rocks, now partly swept by the waves.

A flash of lightning revealed the corpse in a sitting posture, supported by the rocks.

The party walked up to it.

"Why, it's William Deacon!" exclaimed Mr. Jessup, as he flashed the lantern in the dead man's face.

We may as well say here that Deacon was a well-known Wall Street broker.

He was a week-end guest of one of the residents of the avenue that led from town to Sea Gull's Nest.

Mr. Jessup's guests, who were brokers, recognized him, also.

"This is a dreadful matter," said Mr. Jessup in a pained tone. "What could have brought him to the beach alone on such a night as this? He seems to have been struck on the head with a blunt instrument of some kind. It has all the ear-marks of a murder, with robbery for its object. Place the body on the barrow, James. Help him, William"—to the footman.

The party then made their way back to the cottage, where the corpse was laid out in the barn.

Mr. Jessup went into the library to telephone the particulars to the police department of Newport, and to request that the coroner be sent as soon as possible.

After that he despatched a note to the gentleman at whose cottage Mr. Deacon had been staying, acquainting him with the sad news.

When he returned to the smoking-room he found his four guests in a state of great excitement.

Roy had been telling them about the circumstances that preceded the finding of the corpse.

"Tell your story to Mr. Jessup," said one of the guests.

"What story is this?" asked the broker, looking at his young messenger.

"It has some remarkable features, and may have some connection with Mr. Deacon's death," replied the guest.

"Indeed! I should like to hear it, Roy."

So Roy told it all over again for his employer's benefit.

"So you saw ten well-dressed men on the beach at or about the time of Mr. Deacon's death?" said Mr. Jessup, almost incredulously.

"Yes, sir."

"Would you know any of them again were you to meet them?"

"I did not see their faces, for it was too dark; but they all seemed to be young-looking men, say not over thirty-five. At any rate, there was a strong similarity in their appearance. All wore derby-hats and double-breasted sack coats, tightly buttoned. If I saw the bunch together, I am sure I could identify them anywhere, but individually I should never be able to recognize them."

"You will have to tell your story to the police, Roy," said the owner of Sea Gull's Nest. "We will let them sift the mystery out. The ten gentlemen must be stopping somewhere in Newport, probably at one of the hotels. If the authorities can find them they will be interrogated as to their presence on the shore to-night, and will be asked whether or not they saw the body."

"If they didn't see the body they must have heard the cry very distinctly from the position I should think they were in at the time. Apparently they did not investigate it. Had they stopped and done so, I should imagine they would be able to throw some light on the crime."

About this time the host of the dead man was announced, and invited into the smoking-room.

He appeared to be much distressed over the sudden death of his guest, who was one of his particular friends.

"Mr. Deacon went out after dinner without stating where he was going," said the caller, whose name was Green, "and I haven't seen him since. Your note, informing me that he had been picked up dead on the beach was a great shock to me. I'm afraid he went too near the edge of the bluff, in the dark, and fell over."

"I regret to say that the appearance of the body at the time he was discovered by this lad, Roy Woods, and when I and my friends here viewed it later, leads us to form a different conclusion, replied Mr. Jessup solemnly.

"Indeed! What conclusion did you reach?"

"That Mr. Deacon, while walking on the beach, was set upon by some person or persons unknown, struck down and robbed."

Mr. Green uttered an exclamation of horrified surprise.

"Come with me, sir. The body lies in the barn. You may judge for yourself if there is not ample foundation for my statement," said Mr. Jessup.

Mr. Green accompanied the broker to the barn, and the moment he looked at the dead man he saw that his watch was gone, and he no longer doubted that Mr. Jessup had reached a correct conclusion, especially when the Wall Street man stated that they had found the pockets of the corpse turned inside out.

"It's a very sad affair, Mr. Jessup. Mr. Deacon's family are in Europe. I shall have to cable his wife, who, with the children, is quartered at one of the hotels on Lake Luzerne, Switzerland. As soon as the authorities have passed on the case I will take charge of the body."

They returned to the house, and found that two policemen and the coroner had arrived.

All hands being gathered in the smoking-room, Mr. Jessup called on Roy to relate his experiences of the night once more for the benefit of the coroner and the policemen.

The boy was closely questioned by the coroner, and in the end the official said that the matter

would be immediately brought before the head of the police department, who would undoubtedly cause a search to be made for the mysterious ten men.

CHAPTER III.—Roy Learns of a Railroad Consolidation and Prepares to Profit by It

The inquest over the body of Mr. Deacon was held in the barn next morning at eleven o'clock. The coroner empaneled a jury and brought the twelve citizens over with him to Sea Gull's Nest to view the corpse and pass upon the evidence. Roy was called on to tell his story again, while Mr. Jessup and his guests added their testimony. The coroner announced that the police had taken the matter up and made an effort to discover the mysterious ten.

All the hotels had been visited, but while dozens of guests answered the description given by Roy, nearly all of them were represented by the hotel people as eminently respectable and above suspicion. At no other hotel had ten gentlemen arrived in a bunch and registered together. The coroner's jury returned a verdict that the deceased had come to his death by violence at the hands of some person or persons unknown, which is the usual verdict rendered by coroners' juries when the identity of the guilty party is involved in obscurity. On the following morning Roy took the early train for New York.

Roy went straight to the office from the depot and told the cashier, who was in temporary charge, that Mr. Jessup wouldn't be in the city that day. Then he took his accustomed seat in the reception-room and waited to be called upon to go out, or render some other service within the range of his duties. As Roy didn't believe in twiddling his thumbs to no purpose, he picked up one of the Wall Street dailies and employed his time in keeping in touch with matters interesting to the Street. This, and keeping a close tab on the market, was something Roy never failed to do during his leisure moments at the office. As it was his ambition to become a broker some day, he believed that he couldn't learn too much about what was going on around him.

Roy, on the morning in question, had just finished reading a paragraph which stated that a well-defined rumor was in circulation concerning the probable consolidation of the R. & A. road with the P. & Q. trunk line, when the cashier called him to his desk and gave him a note to deliver to Mr. Rankin, of Rankin & Morse, stock brokers, in the Mills Building. In front of the Morgan Bank he ran against his particular friend, Fred Fisher.

"Hello, Roy!" said Fred. "You seem to have had a great time during your day and a half's stay in Newport."

"Yes, I enjoyed myself pretty well; but who told you I had a great time?" asked Roy.

"The morning newspaper."

"Oh, you've read the story of the death of Broker Deacon?"

"I read it on my way downtown in the car. Your name was printed as large as life, as the person who discovered the body of Deacon on the bay shore."

"The paper didn't print any more than the

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truth, for I was the first to discover the dead body of Mr. Deacon," said Roy.

Thus speaking, Roy continued on down Broad Street to the Mills Building, where he took an elevator for the fifth floor. Reaching the office of Rankin & Morse, he walked in and inquired for Mr. Rankin.

"He's engaged at present," said the office boy. "Take a seat."

"Take this note to him. It's important," said Roy.

The boy took the note, knocked at the door of the private office, and was told to come in. Roy sat down to await his return. He took out of his pocket a printed market report of Saturday morning's transactions on the Stock Exchange and began to study it. After a moment or two he got out his pencil and felt in his pocket for a piece of paper on which to make some figures.

Not finding any, and observing an envelope at his feet, apparently thrown away, he picked it up and began figuring on it. Before he had finished the office boy came out and handed him a note to take back to his office. He dropped the envelope he was scribbling on into his pocket and took his departure. On his return to Jessup's office he handed the answer he brought back to the cashier, took his seat, and taking out the envelope on which he had been figuring continued that occupation.

"That wouldn't have been a bad deal if I'd gone into it," he muttered, looking thoughtfully at the result of his calculations, "but I didn't think it would pan out; that's why I turned it down."

As he spoke he crumpled the envelope to throw it away, when he noticed that it contained an enclosure. He pulled the paper out and glanced over the few words written on it.

It ran as follows:

"Dear Bob: The consolidation is an accomplished fact. Buy as many shares of R. & A. as your funds will permit. Get them on margin, for you can't lose. Official announcement that P. & Q. has taken our line over will be made not later than next Friday, so you have no time to lose, especially as 'we who are on' are buying up as fast as we can.

Joe.

"August 20."

Roy read the note over twice before his mind grasped the value of the information which had accidentally come into his hands.

"By George!" he ejaculated. "So that well-defined rumor mentioned by the 'Argus' is a real Simon-pure fact. P. & Q. has actually gobbled up the R. & A. This note was written Saturday. It's a first-class tip, and I'm going to avail myself of it. By Friday R. & A. shares will be scarcer than hen's teeth. Anybody who has some of it when the announcement is made will make money. I must lose no time in putting my little capital at work once more. I was lucky to find this note. Funny things happen in this world. If I hadn't wanted the envelope to figure on I never would have picked it up. As it was, I came mighty near throwing it away without noticing that it held an enclosure. Let me see what R. & A. is going at."

Pulling out his market report, he found that the latest quotation of the stock was 49.

"I ought to be able to buy 600 shares, if it can be got," he said to himself. "That amount of stock is worth \$29,400, and I can put up ten per cent. of that as security."

He went to Mr. Jessup's private room, and looking over a railroad annual, found that the par value of R. & A. was \$50. That satisfied him that he would be able to secure 600 shares if the little bank with which he did business could get the shares for him. Business was not very rushing that day, so when he went to lunch at one o'clock, he easily found time to go around to the little bank in question and arrange for the purchase of 600 shares of R. & A. for his account.

CHAPTER IV.—The Ten Men in Wall Street Who Looked Alike.

Next morning about eleven he was sent with a note to a broker at the Exchange. As he started for the elevator he noticed four men ahead of him going in the same direction. They were about one height, wore derby hats, and sack coats of the same cut. They reached the elevator ahead of the boy, caught a descending cage, and went down before he could signal the man.

"By ginger!" muttered Roy. "Blessed if they didn't put me in mind of the mysterious ten I saw on the bay shore Saturday night. It is too bad that I did not see the faces of those men that night, so I could identify one or more of them if I run across them."

Roy was quite thoughtful all the way over to the Exchange. While he was standing at the railing, waiting for the broker he had the note for to come up, he caught sight of the four gentlemen who looked alike, standing in a bunch near the pole of S. & T.

He caught a glimpse of their features. They looked very much like four brothers. As Roy gazed at them with considerable curiosity the broker he was waiting for came up.

"Do you know those four gentlemen standing in a group yonder?" the boy asked, as he handed him the note.

The broker turned around and looked.

"Two are the Gannon brothers. I don't know the other two," he answered.

"Thank you. They look very much alike, don't they?" said Roy.

"Somewhat," replied the trader carelessly, glancing over the note.

After mastering its contents he nodded to Roy and walked off. The young messenger walked out of the Exchange, and came face to face with three gentlemen, who looked as like the other four he had left in the Exchange, in face and attire, as one pea looks like another. Roy gave a gasp and stared at them in astonishment. A trader whom he knew, coming along, the boy stopped him.

"Do you know those three gentlemen walking down the street?" he asked.

"Two are the Gannon brothers, the other I don't know," was the reply.

"The Gannon brothers!" exclaimed Roy. How many Gannon brothers are there?"

"How many? Why, two."

"There must be four, for two men just like them were pointed out to me in the Exchange not three minutes ago as the Gannon brothers."

"Some mistake, I guess," smiled the broker passing on.

Roy looked after the three gentlemen, and saw them turn up Exchange Place.

"Gee! This beats me!" mused Roy. "So two of them are the Gannon brothers? The two in the Exchange are also the Gannon brothers, yet there are only two Gannon brothers altogether. Seems to me this is a kind of Wall Street puzzle."

As he stepped on the sidewalk, in front of the sub-treasury, he saw three gentlemen coming toward him who were the exact facsimile of the three who had passed him in front of the Exchange. They wore derby hats, and sack coats of the same cut and color as those sported by the other seven.

"Great Scott!" ejaculated Roy. "Here are two more Gannon brothers, or I'm blind! That makes six, and Mr. Saxe said just now that there were only two!"

They walked straight up Wall Street, and were soon lost in the crowd.

"I believe the other four men look so like the Gannon brothers that there are ten of them altogether."

As Roy uttered these words there suddenly flashed across his mind a mental picture of the mysterious ten as he had seen them Saturday night at Newport.

"My gracious!" he cried. "Can these men I have just seen in three bunches be the ten well-dressed men I saw coming up the rocks? In dress and stature they look very much like them. I could almost swear that they and the mysterious ten are identical. I must tell Mr. Jessup about this. It is certainly most remarkable. If they are really the ten I saw in Newport they ought to be rounded up by the police and asked a few pertinent questions."

When Roy got back to the office he could think of nothing but the ten men who looked alike, especially the one whom he identified as the Gannon brothers.

"Talk about puzzles," he breathed, "this knocks any I've ever run across silly; and the oddest part is that as long as I've been in Wall Street I don't remember seeing these men before—that is, not together, at any rate."

Mr. Jessup didn't come in from Newport that day, and as business was very light in the Street, the probability was he wouldn't be in town that week at all. When he went home he told his mother all about his experience at Newport, and he dwelt largely on the ten men who looked alike, and insisted that he was sure they had some mysterious connection with the death of Broker William Deacon.

Then he told his mother about the ten men he had seen that day in Wall Street, whose startling likeness to one another convinced him that they must be the same ten men he had seen on the rocks at Newport, although he could not identify them as the same, as he had not seen the faces of the mysterious ten, as he called the Newport bunch. Mrs. Woods thought the whole thing quite remarkable, but had no opinion to express on the subject. When Bob's sister, Grace, came home from her work, she naturally wanted to know what kind of a time he had had in Newport, so he went over the whole matter again for her benefit. She grew somewhat excited over the

identity of the mysterious ten, and became still more worked up on the subject when Roy told about the ten men he had seen in Wall Street that day who looked so much alike.

She and her brother talked about nothing else all through supper, but they could not arrive at any satisfactory solution of the mystery. When Roy went downtown next morning he saw in the market report that R. & A. had advanced one point, and he felt good over it. On Wednesday R. & A. went up to 51 1-2, and on Thursday it closed at 53.

"According to that note I found, the public announcement of the consolidation ought to be made tomorrow," thought Roy. "As soon as the cat is out of the bag the price is sure to jump to 60 or over. I ought to make over \$6,000 out of this deal. That will be by far the biggest win I've yet made in the market. I tell you, it feels good to make money. A fellow can't have too much of it these days, when the prices of necessities of life are constantly on the rise. I really don't see how some people who make only small wages manage to exist. It must be a constant struggle to keep the wolf from the door. I know that for quite a while mother, sis and I had a strenuous time trying to make ends meet. That's past, however, thank goodness, and I hope we may never be up against it again."

It happened that Roy was at the Exchange next day, waiting to deliver a note, when the chairman rapped for silence, then announced that the P. & Q. line had taken over the R. & A. on a ninety-nine years' lease. The announcement seemed to take the brokers by surprise, for the scheme had been put through in the quietest way. A rush was made for the R. & A. pole, and great excitement ensued. Everybody wanted to buy R. & A. and P. & Q., particularly the former.

It boomed at once to 60, and closed that day at 62. While Roy was out making the daily deposit at the bank a telegram was received by the cashier from Mr. Jessup inviting the young messenger to come to Newport again on the following afternoon. The cashier handed it to Roy when he came in, and the boy said he would be glad to repeat his visit, and hoped that he would not meet with any more sensational experiences on his second trip to the watering place. Next morning R. & A. opened at 63 and went quickly to 65. Roy saw the last quotation on the ticker, and asked permission to go out. This being granted, he hurried around to the little bank and ordered his 600 shares to be sold. The order was immediately transmitted to the bank's representative at the Exchange, and by half-past eleven Roy was out of the market with a profit of \$9,600, making him worth over \$12,000.

CHAPTER V.—Roy and Nellie Abbott

Roy reached Newport about three o'clock, and found the coachman, with a light conveyance, waiting to take him to the cottage. He received a gracious welcome, as before, from Mr. and Mrs. Jessup, and was introduced to a very pretty girl, named Nellie Abbott, who had come to the cottage during the week to pay a fortnight's visit. She was a distant relative of the Jessups, and Roy was very much taken with her. They sat on the

front veranda together for nearly an hour after their introduction, and then Roy asked her if she would like to take a stroll on the beach.

It was a fine, sunshiny afternoon, not too warm, with a light sea breeze playing across the surface of the bay, causing a myriad of tiny wavelets to dance and sparkle in the sunlight. Miss Abbott accepted the invitation, got her picturesue straw hat, that looked most becoming perched upon her wavy, nut-brown locks, and accompanied Roy to the shore.

"I suppose you heard about Broker Deacon's death down here, last Saturday night, Miss Abbott?" said the young messenger as they drew near the spot where Roy had discovered the body.

"Yes, it was very sad," replied the girl.

"And very mysterious, too," said Roy.

"So I was told. He was killed on the shore here and then robbed of everything he had about him at the time."

"Whether he was deliberately murdered, or met his death accidentally, is not quite clear to me. He had a nasty wound on his head, which the coroner, who is a physician, said undoubtedly caused his death. He stated, however, that he could not say positively whether it had been made by a blunt instrument or from contact with a jagged rock. It is quiet possible that the person or persons presumed to be responsible for his death may merely have intended to overcome and rob him. In the struggle that would naturally have taken place in that case between Mr. Deacon and his assailants he may have slipped, or have been thrown down. Suppose his head struck a rock with considerable force, the wound in question could easily have resulted."

"I believe you were coming along the shore about the time the affair happened?"

"I was."

"You heard him cry out?"

"I did, and took it for the scream of a gull."

"And soon afterward you found the corpse?"

"Yes. I'll show you the spot. It is low tide now, and we can easily go to the exact place."

In a few minutes they were standing at the point of the projecing line of rocks where Roy had stumbled over the broker's body.

"He was lying there, with his head on one of those rocks," said Roy. "The tide was up to here, and rolling in all the time, covering him to the waist and then receding below his knees. In order to save the body from being carried away out into the bay, I dragged it up the beach, and then hurried off to carry the news to Mr. Jessup."

"Were you not frightened when you saw the corpse first in the darkness?" asked the girl.

"I was a bit startled, I admit, for I was not expecting to encounter such a ghastly object; but the feeling did not bother me much."

"You must be a nervy boy," said Miss Abbott admiringly.

"Oh, I suppose I have my share of nerve," laughed Roy. "It is something that is needed in Wall Street, where I work, and I believe in cultivating it."

He then asked Miss Abbott if she heard about the ten men he had met on the rocks that night, about the time Mr. Deacon lost his life.

"Yes," she answered. "It seems strange that they did not come forward when they must have known that the police were looking for them. By

keeping in the background they have added an element of mystery to the case."

"That's right," nodded Roy. "Do you know, I think I met them in Wall Street last Tuesday morning."

"What! the ten men?" she asked in surprise.

"I'll tell you about it." And Roy explained to her how he had run against ten gentlemen who looked as much alike as the mysterious ten did in the darkness.

"My goodness! Do you think they are the same men?"

"I don't know why they should be, and yet I have a strong suspicion that they may be."

"Have you said anything to Mr. Jessup about them?"

"No; but I intend to at the first chance."

Roy was gazing idly into the water, where it rippled gently on the beach, when he noticed something bright sticking in the wet sand. He stepped forward, stooped, and picked it up. It proved to be a gold watch and chain.

"Gee! Look at that!" ejaculated Roy, holding up his find.

"A watch and chain?" she cried, astonished. "Did you pick that out of the water?"

"That's what I did! See how damp it is," he answered.

"What a lucky boy you are! I wonder who could have lost it?"

Roy looked at the monogram on the case, and saw it was a combination of the letters W. and D.

"Why, this must be Mr. Deacon's watch!" he said in surprise.

Miss Abbott examined the monogram, and admitted that the initials were the same as Broker Deacon's. Roy put the watch and chain into his pocket, and they were about to walk on when a tiny flash of light in a crevice of the rocks caught his eye. Kneeling down to see what made the reflection, he saw a black-enameled diamond-studded cuff-button reposing there.

"Here's another find!" he said, picking it up and looking at it closely.

"My gracious!" she exclaimed in astonishment. "If we stay here much longer you may find enough jewelry to stock a store. Do you suppose that belonged to Mr. Deacon, too?"

"No. This has also a monogram, but the letters are not W. and D."

"What are the letters?"

"R. and C."

"Whoever owned that cuff-button must be well off."

"I should say so! That's a valuable bit of jewelry. It may prove a clue to the mystery of Mr. Deacon's death."

"Shall you turn it over to the police?"

"Mr. Jessup shall decide that question."

"You'd better look around and see what else you can find," said Miss Abbott.

Roy did look, and pretty carefully, too, but nothing rewarded his search, so they continued their walk to the end of the beach and then returned to the cottage.

After supper Roy asked Mr. Jessup if he could see him privately in his library. The broker consented, and led the way to the room. Roy opened the interview by producing the watch and the diamond cuff-button, and then explaining how

they had come into his possession. Mr. Jessup said he believed the watch had belonged to Mr. Deacon, though he could not say positively, as he had not seen it before.

"Mr. Green will be able to say whether it was Deacon's watch or not," he said.

"So I supposed," replied Roy. "You can show it to him."

"I will," replied the broker. "The cuff-button belongs to somebody whose initials are R. and C., and therefore could not have been Deacon's property. You say you found it on the spot where you came across the body?"

"Yes, sir. If you want to know my opinion, it belongs to one of the mysterious ten, whom I am more than ever satisfied know the real facts about the death of Mr. Deacon. I want to tell you now what happened to me last Tuesday."

Thereupon, Roy told Mr. Jessup about the three pairs of Gannon brothers, as he called the six gentlemen, and their four associates.

"Don't you think, sir, there is a strong probability that those men are the mysterious ten?" he said.

"Your statement is rather remarkable, Roy," said the broker, with a puzzled look. "I know the Gannon brothers to whom you refer, and I never heard that there were more than two of them. Their office is in the same building as I am in, and on the same floor, as well. If the Gannon brothers really have their doubles, those persons have kept pretty well under cover heretofore."

"I think a detective ought to be put on this matter," said Roy. "I don't believe in puzzles remaining unsolved."

"I will talk with Mr. Green about the matter. Get your hat, and we will walk to his cottage and show him the watch."

When they reached Green's place that gentleman was seated with his family and two guests on the veranda. At Mr. Jessup's request he led the way to the library. Then the broker showed him the watch. Roy then told him under what circumstances it had come into his possession. The cuff-button was then produced.

"Why, Mr. Deacon had a pair exactly like that, with his initials on them. I have seen them on him a hundred times. They vanished with the rest of his property at the time he was killed."

"Exactly like these!" exclaimed Roy in surprise. Mr. Green nodded.

"Well," said Mr. Jessup, "since the watch is, beyond doubt, the late Mr. Deacon's property, we'll leave it with you."

Mr. Green bowed, and thanked him for calling with it.

After some further talk on the subject Mr. Jessup and Roy returned to Sea Gull's Nest, and in the society of the ladies forgot for the present the mystery surrounding the death of Broker Deacon.

CHAPTER VI.—In Which Roy Makes a Good Haul out of D. & Q.

Roy and Nellie Abbott passed most of their time on Sunday in each other's society. The young messenger learned that the girl lived with her parents in Harlem, New York City, and when she invited him to call upon her at her home he

eagerly accepted the opportunity to follow up their acquaintance. One of the first things Roy did when he got back to the city was to locate the office of Gannon Brothers, stock brokers, on his floor.

"I dare say I've seen the Gannon brothers a hundred times, and never took any more notice of them than of any other broker, until last Tuesday, when by accident I met their duplicates, twice repeated, inside of a few minutes. That circumstance, and the fact that the six, together with their companions, made up ten men who looked so much alike in size and dress, called to my mind the ten men I had so recently met at Newport under such singular conditions. If I had not met the mysterious ten on the rocks that night, in all probability I would not have noticed the Wall Street ten. Now my curiosity is aroused, and I am going to try and find out as much as I can about the Gannon brothers, their duplicates, and the other four who make up the ten in question," said Roy, as he turned his back on the door of the Gannon Brothers and started for his own office.

At that moment the door of the office opposite, labeled Richard Cordley, stocks and bonds, opened, and the gentleman with the mustache he had seen in company with the Gannon brothers at the Exchange came out into the corridor and started for the elevator. Roy gazed after him.

"That is one of the Wall Street ten now. I wish I knew who he is," thought the young messenger. "Though it seems to me his face has a familiar look."

One of the elevators came up at that moment and a gentleman got out.

"Hello, Cordley," he said to the man, and the other shook hands with him.

"So this is Richard Cordley," muttered Roy as he walked away. "Seems to me I carried a note to him a few months ago, and then he wore a full beard. Well, I s'pose he's got a right to shave the hair off his face if it feels too warm in the summer time, or any other time, for that matter."

Roy entered Jessup's office and took his seat, picking up a Wall Street daily to occupy his attention. While he was waiting for his services to be called into use again the door of the reception-room opened and a gentleman entered. He had a derby hat, wore a mustache and a double-breasted sack coat.

"I wonder if this is one of the Gannon brothers?" muttered Roy as he advanced to meet him.

The visitor took a pad out of his pocket and wrote on it, "Is Mr. Jessup in?" and showed the writing to Roy.

"Yes, he's in," replied the younger messenger, surprised at the caller's action.

"Take my name—Oliver Gannon—in to him," wrote the man again.

"All right, sir," replied Roy, turning and making for the private office. "That man seems to be a mute. He can hear all right, though."

Roy walked up to Mr. Jessup's desk.

"Mr. Oliver Gannon is outside and wants to see you, sir."

"Send him in."

"I beg your pardon, but is Mr. Gannon dumb?"

"Yes. Both brothers are mutes."

"Gee! That's something new for a stock brok-

er," thought Roy as he returned and ushered the visitor into the room.

As he did so his sharp eyes observed one thing—that Oliver Gannon wore a pair of cuff-buttons just like the one he had picked up on the shore at Newport on Saturday afternoon. That discovery furnished him with food for thought. Apparently this style of cuff-button was much in vogue, for Mr. Green had said that Deacon wore a pair, Oliver Gannon was sporting a pair, and a man whose initials were R. and C. had a pair until he lost one of them—the one Roy found.

"I wouldn't be surprised if Oliver Gannon's brother had a pair, too," Roy said to himself. "It would be quite natural if he had. I suppose the Gannon brothers are twins, for they look pretty near alike. I should like to run across the man who lost the cuff-button. I'll bet it is one of those ten men down here who resemble each other so much. If I could identify him as one of them, then I'd be pretty certain they are really the mysterious ten of Newport."

Mr. Oliver Gannon only remained with Mr. Jessup a short time and then he took his departure. About the same time Roy was sent to a broker on Exchange Place with a message. The broker was very busy and could not be disturbed, so the boy had to wait. He took a seat and picked up a paper to pass the time. The door opened, and in walked a broker, with a mustache. Roy had never paid any attention to mustaches until he found them associated with the Gannon brothers; now they possessed an unusual interest for him. This man had a derby, and he wore a double-breasted sack coat.

"I'll bet this is one of the friends of the Gannon brothers," thought Roy right away.

The newcomer asked for the broker.

"He's engaged," said the office boy. "If you'll give me your name I'll take it in as soon as he's at liberty."

"My name is Grismer," replied the caller, walking over to one of the windows near where Roy sat.

He raised his right hand and began to stroke his well-trained mustache, while he looked carelessly out into the court that furnished light and air to the offices in the center of the tall building. Then it was that Roy noticed that he had a pair of the same black-enameled, diamond-encrusted cuff-buttons, too.

"This cuff-button business is growing interesting," muttered the young messenger. "This is the fourth pair I've run across, and I'll bet it won't be the last, by a jugful."

Roy pulled out a small memorandum-book and his pencil and made the following entry:

"Party by name of Grismer—mustache, sack coat and derby—had same cuff-buttons as William Deacon, Oliver Gannon and 'R. C.' No. 4."

"There," mused the boy. "That will keep this chap in my mind."

As Roy returned the book to his pocket the office boy came over and told him that he could take his note in to the broker, and he availed himself of the chance. After that Roy was more on the lookout than ever to identify the rest of the Wall Street ten, but as the days went by he made no progress toward that end. He saw many men with mustaches and sack coats, but there was some difference in their looks from the

Gannon brothers that left them out of the reckoning. About the middle of September Roy heard two well-known brokers one afternoon talking about a syndicate that had just been formed to corner D. & O. shares.

He listened intently, and learned enough to assure him that there wasn't any doubt about the deal in question being under way. When he got back to his office he looked up D. & O., and found that it was going at 82. On his way home he stepped into the little bank on Nassau Street and left an order with the margin clerk to buy 1,000 shares of D. & O. for his account, putting up \$10,000 as security. He visited the bank the next day, about noon, and was told that the stock had been bought at 82, and was held subject to his order. A few days afterward he found that Richard Cordley was taking in the stock at the Exchange whenever it was offered.

He was evidently working in the interest of the syndicate. The price of D. & O. advanced by fractions of a point to 85, and then Roy began to look for the expected boom. Suddenly a number of rumors began to circulate through the district about the D. & O. road, all of which were to the advantage of the line, indicating increased earnings, and pointing to a larger dividend on the common stock in the near future. Cordley reappeared at the D. & O. pole, and began bidding at rising figures for the stock. The traders, who had their doubts about the rumors of the road's increased prosperity, began to take an interest in the proceedings.

As the excitement grew, some traders sold thousands of shares that they did not possess, under the impression that the price would soon fall, and they would be able to buy it in for delivery at a rate that would give them a good profit. As the day advanced it began to be apparent that the price was holding its own, and going higher as well. That brought panic to the shorts, who began to make frantic efforts to cover.

The Exchange was in a turmoil when three o'clock came and business closed for the day. Next morning D. & O. opened at 96.

"That puts me \$14,000 ahead, so far," said Roy in a tone of satisfaction as he watched the opening prices appear on the tape.

He was sent to the Exchange shortly afterward, and found the floor in a state of confusion and uproar.

"I wonder how high it will go?" he asked himself. "I must figure on selling out pretty soon."

When he visited the Exchange around noon, with another note, D. & O. was going at 102, and the excitement was more intense than ever.

"I guess it's time for me to sell out and be on the safe side," thought Roy, as he noted 102 5-8 go up on the board.

So after delivering his note to the trader for whom it was intended he rushed up to the little bank on Nassau Street and told the margin clerk to have his shares sold at once.

His instructions were immediately acted on, his 1,000 shares going at 103 3-8. On the following morning a slump in D. & O. set in, and a panic ensued. Roy congratulated himself on having got out in the nick of time. That afternoon the bank settled with him, and his profit amounted to \$21,000.

CHAPTER VII.—The Gannon Sextette Once More

The market quickly recovered from the brief panic brought about by the sudden fall in the inflated price of D. & O., and continued quite buoyant for two weeks, during which time business was lively in the Street, and as a consequence all employees, from cashier to messenger boy, in the various offices were kept on the hustle. One day Mr. Jessup sent him with a note to Mr. Cordley's office. Although the broker was engaged with a visitor at the time, he was permitted to enter the private room. Roy glanced at the caller as he handed the note he had brought to the broker.

He had a mustache, wore a derby and a sack coat. The boy took him for Grismer, though he thought he looked a trifle different from that gentleman, especially as he noticed that he wore the same cuff-buttons that Grismer had on the day Roy learned who he was. He soon found out that it was Grismer, for Cordley said to him:

"Here, Mitchell! Look over that paper while I write an answer to this note."

While Cordley was writing the note Roy happened to glance at the top of his desk and saw his cuffs standing there. They had the same cuff-buttons that were figuring so prominently in the boy's mind ever since he found the single button on the beach at Newport. Suddenly Roy almost gave a gasp when he noticed the initials, R. C. They were engraved exactly like the R. C. on the button he had found. Of course, R. C. stood for Richard Cordley, and the fact that he had two buttons seemed to be sufficient evidence that the button Roy had found could not be his, but belonged to some other man with similar initials. When Roy got back to his own office he jotted down another memorandum in his notebook, stating that Richard Cordley and a man named Mitchell, who was the picture almost of Grismer, each wore the black-enameled, diamond-encrusted cuff-buttons.

"That makes six sets of that particular kind of cuff-buttons I've seen," said Roy. "I wonder if anything will come out of this button clue or not? I must tell Mr. Jessup about the matter."

He did, that afternoon, just before the broker started for his home uptown. Mr. Jessup listened to him, and then replied that he guessed there was nothing in it.

"Have you seen the two extra pairs of Gannon brothers again?" he added with a provoking kind of smile.

"No, sir. I'm constantly on the lookout for them. Even if I did see two of them, I shouldn't be able to distinguish them from the brothers."

"Don't you think your imagination played you a trick the day you thought you saw the three pair of Gannon brothers?" asked the broker.

"No, sir. There was no imagination about it. I saw them in three different places, within a few minutes, as plainly as I see you now," asserted Roy earnestly.

"Sure of that, eh?"

"Positively. Didn't I tell you that after Mr. Edwards recognized them on the floor of the Exchange Mr. Henderson recognized the second two outside, three minutes afterward? That ought to be proof enough that I wasn't dreaming."

"And who recognized the third pair?"

"Nobody. But I'm willing to swear they were the picture of the other two pairs."

"Well, the fact that I, who know nearly everybody who does business in the Street, have never seen or heard of more than two Gannon brothers, and have never heard about four men resembling them, ought to be some evidence that the four likenesses of the Gannons you say you saw are pretty rare visitors to the district. Under such circumstances I don't see why you worry about them."

Mr. Jessup got up, closed his desk, put on his hat, and went home. There was so much business to attend to in the office that day that the cashier and the clerks had to work overtime. The cashier asked Roy if he would stay down, too, and help out at some desk work.

"Sure I will," replied the boy. "How late do you want me to stay?"

"Nine or ten o'clock."

"Then I'd like to send a message to my mother, so she'll know where I am."

"Go out and send your message now," said the cashier.

Roy went to the nearest telegraph office and sent his message. On his way back he met the two Gannon brothers at the corner of Nassau Street, on their way to Broadway. The fact barely attracted his notice. When he reached the entrance to the office building he was staggered, however, to come face to face with a pair of their duplicates. They didn't go toward Broadway, but turned down Wall Street toward Pearl.

"Gee! I wish Mr. Jessup was with me now," muttered Roy. "He'd have seen four Gannons for once in his life, and he couldn't get away from it. It's a wonder the elevator men didn't notice the two pair of twins. Still, it is not unlikely that the gentlemen came down on different elevators. These six Gannons, I'm afraid, will turn my brain before I'm through with them."

Roy boarded an elevator and was whisked up to the fourth floor, where he got out. As he passed the office of the Gannon brothers the door opened, and out came the third pair of Gannons.

"Suffering dervishes!" gasped the young messenger. "Here's the third batch. If this doesn't beat the Dutch, I'm a liar! I'll bet there is some mystery in this thing, and it ought to be investigated. I wonder if they all wear black-enameled, diamond-encrusted cuff-buttons? I should not be a bit surprised if I found they did."

The last pair of Gannon brothers took an elevator and disappeared. Roy walked thoughtfully into his office. He felt that he was confronted with a problem that was going to bother him a whole lot until he succeeded in solving it, if, indeed, he could solve it. Two of the six men he had just encountered who looked so much alike that he had to admit that he couldn't tell them apart, were the Gannon brothers, known to Wall Street. Who were the other four? Were they Gannon brothers, too, who only came to the Street occasionally? Were there three pair of twins in that family nearly of one age? The thing was possible, and Roy scratched his head as he considered it.

"At any rate, they can't all be dumb. The Wall Street pair are, though I didn't know it till lately. Now what puzzles me is, why don't the Gannon brothers introduce their duplicates to some of their broker friends? Is it because they don't want to create a sensation down here? Perhaps.

Then they ought to keep the other two pairs away from the Street altogether. Some broker is bound to get on to them, like I have, and the Gannon mutes will be called on for an explanation. Seems to me it would be easy for the six to impersonate one another and produce a regular comedy of errors. I'd be willing to bet there isn't a broker down here who could tell which pair was the Gannon Brothers, stock brokers, if the six stood in line."

Roy worked till five o'clock; then all hands went to supper at the expense of the office. When the force got back they worked hard till nearly ten to catch up with the usual run of the office. All the way home that night Roy pondered over the puzzle of the six Gannons, and he even dreamed about them when he went to bed. Next morning he related the story of his second meeting with the Gannon sextette to Mr. Jessup, and the broker hardly knew what to think about the matter.

"I shall take the first chance to ask the Gannon brothers about this queer resemblance between themselves and the four other men," he said, "and I'll let you know the result."

In the course of the day Mr. Jessup met one of the Gannon brothers at the Exchange, and brought the matter to his notice. Gannon declared that Jessup's messenger must be troubled with hallucinations, as he had only one brother, and he didn't know anything about the alleged duplicates. When Mr. Jessup reported to Roy the result of his interview with Oscar Gannon the boy declared that Gannon was a prevaricator, and that he'd show him up some day. The broker laughed, and advised Roy not to bother about the matter any more; and the young messenger had to let it go at that for the present.

CHAPTER VIII.—A Winning Tip.

Roy did not fail to visit Nellie Abbott at her home soon after he received the invitation from her at Newport. The first visit led to a second, and after that he acquired the habit of calling upon the young lady every Wednesday evening. He told his mother and sister that Nellie Abbott was the nicest girl he had ever met, and after that Grace made it a point to tease her brother a good deal about his charmer, as she called her.

"Well, you've got a beau who calls on you pretty regularly," Roy retorted one night, "so I don't see that you've anything on me."

"Why, the idea!" blushed his sister. "I haven't any beau!"

"What do you call Harry Gray? He calls on you twice a week, and if that isn't keeping pretty steady company, I'd like to know what is."

"We are just good friends, that's all," insisted Grace, looking as red as a beet.

"That's just what Miss Abbott and I are—good friends. If you persist in teasing me about her, I'll get back at you about Harry."

After that Grace Woods had nothing to say about Nellie Abbott, for people who live in glass houses, so to speak, find it inconvenient to throw stones. A week after Roy's second encounter with the six Gannons, as he called them, he presented himself at the Abbott home about eight o'clock in the evening, attired in his best suit. Nellie was expecting him, for it was his regular calling

night, and they were soon enjoying their customary tête-à-tête in the parlor. Roy had already confided to the girl his successful speculations in the stock market, and she took a great deal of interest in the same. In the course of the evening in question she suddenly said:

"I've got a tip for you."

"What kind of a tip?" he asked, thinking she was joking.

"Why, a tip on the market, of course."

"That so?" he said with some interest. "What is it?"

"Is it worth a new pair of gloves?" she asked slyly.

"Sure! I'll make you a present of a pair whether it's any good or not."

"How very good you are! Well, let me tell you this is a good tip. You're bound to make money out of it if you know how to work it."

"Let me hear what it is."

"I heard papa tell mamma tonight, just before dinner, that he had received inside information concerning a syndicate which is about to corner J. & C. railroad shares. He said the stock was selling at 70, which was very low, that he expected it would rise to par within a couple of weeks, and he confidently looked forward to making \$100,000 as his share of the profits."

"Did he mention the names of any of the gentlemen who are in with him?"

"No, but he mentioned the name of the broker who has been engaged to do the buying, which he said would be done outside the Exchange at first, so as not to attract attention to what was in the wind."

"Who is the broker?"

"Richard Cordley."

"I know him. Well, I'm much obliged to you, Miss Nellie, and will endeavor to take advantage of your pointer, which I think is a good one."

Next morning Cordley came into Jessup's office and asked the broker if he had any J. & C. for sale. Roy overheard him, and that satisfied him that Miss Abbott's tip was all right. At the first chance he got that day he took \$30,000 from his safe-deposit box, took it around to the little bank on Nassau Street, and ordered the purchase of 3,000 shares of J. & C. for his account. It was bought on the floor of the Exchange for 70. Roy then began to watch the ticker for developments. Nothing happened of an encouraging nature for nearly a week; then Cordley began buying at the Exchange, and his efforts to secure the stock sent the price to 73. On the following day it rose to 75, and Roy counted himself \$15,000 richer, though his profit was, as yet, only in the perspective.

"If things turn out as Nellie told me her father expected, I shall make a good haul. In fact, I wouldn't be surprised if I made \$50,000. Some day I hope to surprise Mr. Jessup with the size of my wad. I believe he'd have a fit if he learned that I was playing the market. Messenger boys are not supposed to do such a thing. However, they do it, just the same, on the quiet. I know several messengers who have made nice little bunches of long green out of the market. They intend to branch out as brokers some day, and so do I."

That evening he called on Miss Abbott and told her he had bought a small block of J. & C., and that he was already \$15,000 ahead of the game.

"I told you that it was a good tip," she said smilingly.

"I guess there isn't any doubt about it, but I don't believe the syndicate will be able to push it up to par."

"Why not?"

"Because 30 points is a mighty big jump for such a stock as J. & C."

"Of course, I can't say, but I should think papa ought to know."

"If the syndicate effects a close corner it may be able to force it even higher than par; but the higher it is boomed the more dangerous it will be to unload and hold the price at the same time."

"Then you mean to sell out before it goes to par?"

"That is my present intention, but circumstances may change it."

They talked over the deal a while longer, then Nellie went to the piano and they had music and singing until it was time for him to go home. Next day J. & C. slowly advanced another point. Even one point looked mighty good to Roy, for it represented a profit in sight of \$3,000. On the following day it began to attract general attention, and quite a little business was done in it, the price going up to 78. Roy saw the early quotations on the ticker tape, and he judged that there would be something doing soon in J. & C. He was not disappointed, for as noon approached more and more of the traders began buying, and as the price advanced to 80 so the interest and excitement that always attend a rising stock increased.

All the stocks along the line began to participate in the improved prices, and everybody was buying and few selling. Roy was sent to the Exchange several times that morning, and on each occasion he found the racket greater than before, and more traders on the floor. Most of the messengers had to skip their lunches that day, Roy being among the number, for business kept them on the jump right up to nearly three o'clock. J. & C. closed at 88, with every prospect of opening higher when the Exchange began business in the morning. While he was in the counting-room, after returning from the bank, where he had taken the day's deposits, he heard two of the clerks talking about J. & C. Both of them had invested in a few shares, and were looking to see the price go to par. Roy asked them how they knew that J. & C. was going to par.

"Because the shares are cornered by a syndicate," replied one.

"How can you know that they're cornered by a syndicate?"

"I got the fact straight from a friend of mine who has a relative that knows a man who is acquainted with one of the insiders."

Roy laughed.

"Did you buy your twenty shares on the strength of that roundabout information?" he asked.

"Sure I did. I paid 78 for it, and now it's 88. That makes me \$200 ahead. When it gets up to par I'll win \$200 more."

"Suppose a slump sets in before it reaches 100, where will you be at then?" said Roy.

"The syndicate will hold up the price until it gets above par," replied the clerk confidently.

"Maybe it will, and maybe it won't be able to. I think I'll sell the few thousand shares I have before the price reaches par," laughed Roy.

"I would, if I were you, Woods," grinned the other clerk, who didn't for a moment believe that the young messenger had even five shares of that stock, or any other.

Roy went on to the washroom, and soon afterward left for home. The fact that he was already something over \$50,000 to the good, with an excellent prospect of making half again as much more, kept Roy in a subdued state of excitement all evening. He dreamed that night that he had become a millionaire, and was living like a prince in a palace of a house, with his mother and sister, who had become society leaders, while he was taking Nellie Abbott automobiling every afternoon. Every place he went, or found himself, he met the Gannon brothers in a group of two, all exactly alike, and it seemed to strike him as all right. When he awoke in the morning he recollected all the features of his dream, and he laughed at the absurd fancies his sleeping brain had conceived.

"As if three pairs of Gannon brothers aren't enough, I had to imagine there were ten of them. What funny things do happen in dreams!" he said as he brushed his hair.

The excitement of the previous day was resumed on the Exchange floor, and at noon J. & C. was up to 95, and still ascending.

"I'm not going to take any more chances," said Roy, when he saw the figures on the tape. "As soon as I'm sent out again I'm going to take enough time to run up to the bank and sell out. Anybody that wants to hang on for the last dollar has my permission to do so, but this chicken is going to get out while the excitement of the rise is on."

Ten minutes later he was sent with a message to a broker in the Astor Building, and as he had to pass the head of Nassau Street both ways, it would be convenient for him to slip up to the little bank and transact his business without losing a great deal of time. Accordingly, on his way back to the office after delivering his note, he went to the bank and ordered his 3,000 shares of J. & C. sold. It was done inside of ten minutes at 97 3-8, the stock being taken in 1,000 lots by three different brokers for customers. That afternoon J. & C. closed at 99. When Roy figured up his profits on the deal he found that Nellie Abbott's tip had netted him \$78,000, making him worth \$112,000.

CHAPTER IX.—A Clue to the Owner of the Lost Cuff-Button.

When Roy paid his next visit to Nellie Abbott he not only fetched up to her the promised pair of gloves, for which she had laughingly furnished him the size and the style she wanted, but he brought her a good-luck charm set with diamonds, in which blazed a single ruby, which cost him \$100. He didn't dare get her a more expensive ornament, for fear that it would cause pointed remarks from her parents, who knew that he was only a messenger boy in Broker Jessup's office. Nellie was delighted, not only with the gloves, but with the charm especially, and would have objected to the expensiveness of the latter only she knew he had made a small fortune out of her tip. A few days after the excitement had died out of the J. & C. boom, which, by the way, did not go to pieces

but simply petered out by degrees, letting all losers down easy, Roy was sent with a note to the office of a broker on Broadway. While he was waiting for an answer a gentleman with a derby hat and sack coat came in. Roy looked the man over critically. He saw that he had a pair of black-enameled, diamond-encrusted cuff-buttons.

"This is either Grismer or Mitchell," thought Roy. "Talk about the Gannon brothers looking alike, why, Grismer and Mitchell, who, of course, are not brothers, look near enough alike to be taken for twins."

The newcomer, much to the boy's surprise, gave his name as Bailey.

"This is the seventh man who is sporting that particular and expensive brand of cuff-button," muttered the young messenger, eyeing the visitor narrowly. "I wonder how many brokers have adopted it? It must be such a taking device that many persons, when they see it, order a pair made for themselves. Only a first-class jewelry establishment, of course, would receive an order for such a valuable ornament. Now where would a broker be likely to go for such a thing? Tiffany's, most likely. It wouldn't be a bad joke on these chaps for a messenger boy to sport a cuff-button the facsimile of their own. I think I'll visit the Tiffany store and see if the house has turned out that particular style of button. If so, I'll order a pair to be made with my initials on them. I guess, now that I'm worth over \$100,000, I can afford as good a pair of cuff-buttons as the next man."

When Roy got back to his office he made another note in his memorandum-book about the third gentleman, whose name was Bailey, and who wore the special design of cuff-button similar to the sample he had picked up on the shore at Newport. When he got off work that afternoon he took a Broadway car uptown and alighted near Tiffany's store. Entering the establishment, he inquired his way to the counter where cuff-buttons and kindred articles were sold.

"I suppose if I wanted a special style of cuff-button made, and put up the price, you could turn it out, couldn't you?" he said to the clerk.

"Surely. We have special facilities at our factory for making that kind of goods, and we are constantly executing orders for unique specimens, some of which have cost more than a thousand dollars a pair. Do you wish to submit a design from your description, or did you bring a design with you?"

"I am not intending to have an original design made. I have a sample that I want imitated, substituting my initials for those on it."

"Let me see the sample, and I will give you an estimate of the cost."

Roy pulled out the "R. C." button he had found, and handed it to him. The clerk, after one look, said, "Excuse me a moment," and walking to the end of the store disappeared into a room. He returned in a few minutes and asked Roy to follow him. He was led into the manager's office.

"Sit down, young man," said the gentleman at the desk, giving him a keen look. Roy took a chair beside the desk.

"May I ask," said the manager, "where you got this button?"

"By what right do you ask such a question?" asked Roy in a dignified tone.

"Because this button and its mate were made by

us under special conditions which prevent us from taking an order for a duplicate unless accompanied by a signed order from the person who gave the original order."

"That so?" replied Roy. "Will you tell me the name of that person?"

"Certainly not. We could not do so without his permission."

"Wasn't it Richard Cordley, a stock broker at No. — Wall Street?" hazarded Roy, on the spur of the moment.

The manager betrayed evident signs of surprise.

"You know—" he began, then paused abruptly. "I cannot answer your question," he added. "It is against our rules. Now, young man, tell me how this button came into your possession. It was lost by the owner and we had to make a duplicate."

Here was an unconscious admission that caused Roy to sit up and take notice. Taken in connection with the manager's look of surprise and interrupted sentence when asked if Broker Cordley was the person who had given the original order for the making of this style of cuff-button, it almost satisfied the young messenger that he had picked up a valuable bit of information. Like a flash the thought passed through the boy's mind that the button he had found at Newport belonged to Cordley. The fact that the man who had lost the button had ordered a duplicate to take its place would easily account for Cordley's now having two buttons once more.

"I found the button," replied the boy.

"Where, may I ask?"

"As I found it under peculiar circumstances, I must decline to tell you," replied Roy firmly.

"Very well," replied the manager suavely, "we won't argue the matter. I will be obliged to retain this button and return it to the owner, as it is a valuable bit of jewelry. If you will leave your name and address with me I will hand it to the gentleman, and it is probable he will send you a suitable reward."

As he spoke the manager laid the button in the corner of a pigeon-hole of his desk and seemed to consider the interview at an end. Roy saw at once that he was about to lose the clue on which he had placed his hopes of ultimately discovering the identity of the mysterious ten. Only by prompt and decisive action could he prevent such a thing. Like a flash he leaned over and grabbed the button.

"You have no right to take this from me against my will," he said, almost angrily.

The manager looked his surprise.

"I beg your pardon, young man," he said. "I have every right. I know the gentleman to whom it belongs."

"You admit that, do you?" replied Roy.

"Certainly."

"Give me his name and address and I will return the button myself."

"I can't do that."

"All right," replied Roy, dropping the button into his pocket, "I'll keep the button till you do."

"I can't allow that," began the manager sharply.

"How are you going to prevent it?" answered the young messenger defiantly.

"If you refuse to hand me that button, which is valuable, remember, I shall be compelled to call

an officer and have the matter adjusted by a magistrate."

"All right," replied Roy coolly. "Call an officer. I am willing to submit the case to the judgment of a magistrate, but I warn you right here that something is likely to happen that may not please the owner of the button."

"What do you mean?"

"You will learn what I mean if this matter reaches a police court."

"Young man, are you not aware that you have no right to retain property belonging to somebody else?"

"I am aware of that fact, and I am prepared to deliver this button up to the person who can prove his right to it."

"I have just told you that I know the person to whom the button belongs. I will be responsible for its return to the proper party. If you demand it, I will give you a receipt for the button."

"No, sir. That button shall remain in my possession until the owner demands it of me in person. You nor the police can legally take it from me. I know what the law is on the subject. The finder of an article has a clear title to it against all the world but the owner. Well, bring or send the owner to me, and he shall have the button. You can't have it. That's all I've got to say."

The manager was clearly taken aback by Roy's bold stand. He himself knew that the boy was right about the law bearing on the case. He also saw that the lad was full of resolution, and was going to stand on his rights. After thinking the matter over for a few moments he glanced at his watch. Then he reached for the telephone directory and looked up a name in it.

"He's going to communicate with Cordley," conjectured Roy, as he noted the section of the book the manager was consulting. The gentleman unhooked the receiver and put it to his ear.

"Give me 4000 A, Madison," he spoke into the transmitter.

"That's Cordley's residence, I'll bet," thought Roy. "He looked at his watch, and saw that it was too late to think of catching the broker at his office."

There was a full minute of silence, then the manager said:

"Is this 4000 A, Madison? Is Mr. C. at home? Send him to the 'phone, please. What's that? Oh, this is Tiffany's. Tell him that Mr. Root wishes to talk to him on a matter of importance."

An interval of silence followed, while the manager held the receiver to his ear.

"Hello! Is that you, Mr. C.? Well, you remember the cuff-button that you lost, and which we had to replace with a duplicate? It's turned up. It is in the possession of a young man who called here to have a pair made from the same design. He is now sitting in this room beside my desk. He refuses to give up the button, which he admits having found, except to you personally. What is your name?" asked Mr. Root, turning to the young messenger. "The gentleman wishes to know it."

"Roy Woods. I am messenger for George Jessup, stock broker, No. — Wall Street," replied the boy.

The manager transmitted the information to the person at the other end of the wire. There was a short pause and then he turned to Roy again and said:

"I am authorized to pay you a reward of \$250 for that button."

"In exchange for the button?" said Roy.

"Of course."

"Then I must decline. I am prepared to hand it over to the owner in person, without a reward, as I have no legal right to demand any compensation for its return."

His reply astonished the manager.

"Why, the gentleman is offering you at least \$100 more than the intrinsic value of the button. Why do you decline to accept it?"

"I have my reasons."

The manager telephoned that Roy refused to give up the button for \$250, but would turn it over to the owner gratuitously if he asked for it in person. He received some reply in return, and then hung up the receiver.

"That's all, young man. You may go," he said.

"Good-afternoon, sir," said Roy, rising and bowing.

"Good-afternoon," returned the manager stiffly.

Roy then left the store and took a car for home.

CHAPTER X.—Roy's Great Luck in the Market.

On his way home Roy considered the advisability of telling Mr. Jessup about his visit to Tiffany's, and what happened there. He was a little afraid that his employer might think he was trying to make a mountain out of a molehill with reference to the cuff-button clue. Certain it was that neither the broker nor Mr. Green, at whose cottage the dead man had been a guest, thought the cuff-button of sufficient importance to inform the police about it. Nor had they given any thought to the theory of the mysterious ten after the Newport authorities abandoned it. Roy himself, therefore, was the only person who was intensely interested in solving the mystery of William Deacon's death; and the chief reason why he was on the scent was because his curiosity was aroused by the ten elusive Wall Street men who looked so much alike, and in dress and stature so much resembled the ten he had met on the rocks that memorable Saturday night at Newport.

He was satisfied that the Newport ten had full knowledge of the manner in which Deacon came to his death. It remained for him to get evidence connecting the Wall Street ten with the Newport bunch. If he could do that he would put the matter in the hands of the police. If anything would lead to the desired result it was the "R. C." cuff-button. He was now satisfied that Richard Cordley was the owner of the lost button. He knew how he could make sure of the fact.

The manager of Tiffany's had called up "4000 A, Madison" on the telephone. It would be a simple matter for him to look up Cordley's house 'phone number in the telephone directory, and see if it was "4000 A, Madison." If it wasn't Cordley's number, then he would make it his business to find out through the telephone company who used the call "4000 A, Madison." He was willing to bet, and give odds, at that, that Cordley was the man. Well, supposing Cordley was the man, what then? How was Roy to prove that he was one of the mysterious Newport ten, even if he had lost his cuff-button on the shore, and admitted the fact?

"I think a smart detective might unravel the matter," thought the boy.

It was very doubtful whether the police would look into the matter unless the evidence that Roy produced promised satisfactory developments. Roy stopped at a drug store that bore a public telephone station sign, and took a look at Richard Cordley's house call. It was "4000 A, Madison!"

"Very good," breathed the young messenger. "That settles the ownership of the lost cuff-button. Will Mr. Cordley call on me to hand it over to him? If he does he can have it. I have Nellie Abbott as a witness that I found the button with with the initials R. C. on it. I have Mr. Jessup and Mr. Green as witnesses that I showed it to them that night in Newport. All three examined the button closely, and will be able to swear to it. Besides, I have the manager of Tiffany's to fall back on, and the clerk as well. Yes, Cordley can have his button, if he wants it, but he must admit that he is the owner of it."

Roy looked for Cordley to call next day at the office and ask for the button, but he didn't. A week passed, and the broker evinced no hurry to claim his property.

"All right," said Roy, "take your time about it. It's all the same to me."

He had said nothing to Mr. Jessup about the Tiffany episode, and for the time being the matter was at a standstill. It was about this time that Roy found out that Cordley was again acting for some syndicate that was trying to corner H. & B. shares. As soon as he was satisfied that his information was undoubtedly correct, Roy got leave of absence from the office for half an hour, went to his safe-deposit box, drew \$100,000, and visited a certain big brokerage house known as Webster & Co.

"Is Mr. Webster in?" he asked the office boy.

"Yes. Want to see him?"

"I do."

"What is your name?"

"Roy Woods."

"You're a messenger, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Who are you working for?"

"Don't worry about that, sonny. Just take my name in."

"Say, you're putting on a lot of style, aren't you?"

"If you don't announce me pretty quick I'll announce myself. I haven't a whole lot of time to monkey around here."

Roy spoke sharply, and the boy hauled in his horns. He came back a moment and told Roy to go in.

"Well, young man, what can I do for you?" said Mr. Webster.

"You can buy 10,000 shares of H. & B. stock for me, if you wish to accept the commission."

"Ten thousand H. & B. for you!" ejaculated the broker, lifting his eyebrows.

"Yes, sir. On ten per cent. margin."

"You have the necessary margin to put up?"

"Yes, sir. Here is \$100,000. Count it, and see that it's all right."

"Ahem! Who do you represent, young man?"

"Sometimes I represent my employer, but just now I am representing myself."

"Might I ask who you work for?"

"George Jessup, No. — Wall Street."

"Shall I make this deal in Mr. Jessup's name?"

"No, sir. Kindly make it in mine. Mr. Jessup has nothing to do with it."

"Oh, he hasn't."

"No, sir."

Broker Webster winked expressively and began writing an order, which he handed Roy to sign.

"So this is your individual deal, eh?" chuckled the broker, who thought he knew better.

"Yes, sir; it's my individual deal."

"You seem to be a wealthy young man," grinned Webster. "You put up a hundred thousand dollars as if it were a mere bagatelle to you."

Roy made no reply to the gentleman's pleasantry, so the trader counted the money, and finding that it was all right, he gave the boy his memorandum.

"Good-day, Mr. Webster. I will call tomorrow to see if you have secured the stock. I would advise you to get busy, as there are others after H. & B., and I want to get it as near 75 as possible."

"I will give the matter my immediate attention, young man," said the broker, reaching for his hat.

It took Webster some time to find the 10,000 shares, as it seemed to be rather scarce, but he got it at last, and next morning, when Roy dropped into his office, he told the boy that he had the certificates, subject to his orders. As the market value of the shares was \$750,000, he didn't really have the certificates in his possession, having hypothecated them for two-thirds of their value, in order to raise the money to pay for them. Brokers, as a rule, have to do this, as they would otherwise have to have a mint of money with which to swing all the deals that pass through their offices. As the customers have to pay the interest on the difference between the price of the stock and the amount of the marginal deposit—in Roy's case this was \$650,000—the traders find it very convenient to operate with borrowed capital.

With such a large sum as \$100,000 at stake, the reader may well believe that Roy was now on the anxious seat, as the expression is, notwithstanding the confidence he had in the winning properties of his latest tip. No matter how sure a deal appears to be in the market, there are a whole lot of chances against you. Adverse combinations, undreamed of by the cleverest manipulator, may spring up at the wrong moment and land a speculator up Salt Creek. Two days after Roy bought his shares, Broker Cordley appeared in the Exchange and offered to pay 76 for any part of 5,000 shares. Before business closed for the day he was offering 77. Next morning he was bidding 77 1-2 and 78. He got a few thousand shares in small lots, and then raised his offer to 80 in the hope of bringing more out. Next day Cordley was not on the floor in the morning, and the price of H. & B. was beaten down to 75 by a small clique of bears. It recovered to 77 during the afternoon, and finally closed at 78 5-8.

"What do you think of H. & B.?" asked Roy of the two clerks in the office who had won about \$500 each on J. & C.

"Haven't thought anything about it," replied one.

"You're slow," laughed the boy. "You ought to have soaked your J. & C. winnings into the stock, then you'd stand to make some more. That's what I did."

"Oh, you did?" laughed the clerk. "Perhaps you won't mind telling us how much you've got up in H. & B., which you seem to think is a winner?"

"A hundred thousand," replied Roy.

"As much as that, eh?" chuckled the other clerk. "And do you expect to double your money?"

"I ought to do better than that if a screw doesn't come loose in my tip."

"Working on a tip, are you? Well, do you know, I don't take much stock in your tip if it is on H. & B."

"Why not? I bought at 75, and it is now 78 5-8," replied Roy.

"And tomorrow it may be down to 75 again," said one of the clerks.

"That's right," nodded Roy. "You never can tell, but I hope it will be over 80."

"By the way, Woods, joking aside, did you ever take a flyer on the market?" asked the other clerk.

"Didn't I tell you that I am in on H. & B., and haven't you my word for it that I made a good thing out of J. & C.?" replied Roy.

"Oh, come off! We know better than that."

"Then you must know my business better than I do myself. Now just take the tip from me—H. & B. is going above 90. If you want to make some money, get in on it while it is low, and sell when it goes up. That's all." And the young messenger walked away, while the clerks returned to their work, satisfied that Roy was kidding them. They were a bit surprised to see H. & B. go up to 83 next day, and they were still more surprised when it closed at 85 on Saturday.

"I wonder how Woods guessed it was going up?" one clerk asked the other.

"Oh, it was just accident," said the other. "He really didn't know any more about it than the man in the moon."

"We might have made a little haul if we had bought it when it was at 78 5-8."

"That's so; but who ever thought it would go up to 85?"

At that moment Roy came up.

"What do you think of H. & B. now? Didn't I tell you it was going up? I'll bet you didn't take any stock in what I said, and you failed to buy when I advised you to."

"You made a lucky guess, that's all, Woods."

"That so? I told you it was going above 90, didn't I? Well, just watch it, and see if it doesn't go ten points higher than it is now."

"Ten points!" said one of the clerks. "You're dreaming!"

"It's a good thing to have those kinds of dreams. If I have enough of them I'll become a millionaire some day."

"Sure you will," laughed the clerk—"in your mind."

"Better buy H. & B., even now, if you can get it, and make \$10 a share on it," said Roy, walking off, who knew the clerks wouldn't do any such thing.

On Monday H. & B. opened at 86, and was soon the cause of some excitement. It continued to advance, and traders began tumbling over themselves in their eagerness to get hold of some of it. At noon it was selling at 90, and at two o'clock it had reached 95.

Roy, on his return from an errand, dropped in at Webster & Co.'s office, and ordered his stock sold in small lots. His instructions were

carried out, and his shares fetched an average of 95 3-8. This gave him a clean profit of \$200,000, and made him worth over \$300,000. He wondered what kind of a fit his employer would have if he learned that his messenger had made so much money in the market.

CHAPTER XI.—The Wall Street Ten.

H. & B. closed at 97 7-8 that afternoon, opened at 98 next morning, went up to 99, and then began to drop slowly back. In the course of an hour there was a rush of selling orders, which increased the excitement, but did not develop into anything like a panic. Roy was sent with a message to a broker in the Pluto Building on Broad Street. The trader having stepped into a neighboring office, the boy had to wait till he came back. He took a seat near a couple of gentlemen, who proved to be brokers. These gentlemen were talking about the intimate business relations that had existed between Richard Cordley and William Deacon, the broker who had lost his life at Newport.

"The Newport police never discovered the person or persons responsible for the death of Deacon, did they?" said one of the gentlemen.

"I never heard that they did," replied the other. "It was a mysterious affair. Seems to me the world is full of mysteries that the police never unravel."

"There was something in the papers at the time about ten men having been seen on the shore about the hour that Deacon met his death."

"Yes, I remember reading about it. It was Jessup's messenger who claimed that he met the ten men somewhere on the rocks. He made his statement under oath before the coroner's jury, but nothing came of it. The police made an investigation and then ridiculed the idea—which is the usual way with the police when they find themselves blocked."

"I think myself that the story of the ten men looks rather fishy. The boy said they looked like gentlemen. Now the evidence shows that Deacon was not only, in all probability, murdered, but was robbed as well. That could only be the work of footpads, not gentlemen. The night was a dark and stormy one, so it's my idea that the boy saw only three or four men and imagined the rest."

"Well, Cordley, lost a good friend, I understand, when Deacon turned up his toes. I heard that Deacon pulled Cordley out of two or three financial holes by loaning him considerable sums of money."

"That may be, but Cordley has been doing uncommonly well since Deacon's exit from this mundane sphere. He's been hand in glove with several big syndicates, notably the one that boomed D. & O., J. & C., and H. & B."

"Nobody seems to know any of the members of these syndicates. I've heard it hinted that they are made up of the same people—a kind of secret clique."

"I wouldn't be surprised. Their operations appear to be very successful. They must be men of millions, who are well up on the inside workings of Wall Street."

"Say! A funny thing happened to me yesterday. Blessed if I can understand it."

"What was it?"

"You know the Gannon brothers, don't you?"

"I'm not acquainted with them personally, but I know them by sight. They're twins, and both mutes. Have to talk with a pad of those unacquainted with the sign language. What about them?"

"Yesterday afternoon, about half-past three, I met them coming out of the Standard Building, where they have their offices, on the fourth floor. I conversed with them in the dumb alphabet, but they were in a hurry to go uptown, and we only talked about a minute. Then I took an elevator up to the fourth floor to see Cordley. As I stepped out who do you suppose I saw in front of me?"

"How should I know?"

"The same Gannon brothers I had left on the street only three minutes before!"

"Get out!" exclaimed his companion. "How could you?"

"But I did. I was completely staggered. Before I recovered myself they took an elevator and went down."

"I never heard that there were two pairs of Gannon twins."

"There isn't. I called Cordley's attention to the circumstance as soon as I entered his office, and he laughed at me. He insisted that I was mistaken in thinking the second pair were actually duplicates of the Gannon brothers. He said he knew the Gannons as well as he knew any one, in fact better, if anything, and he knew there were only two of them."

"He ought to know, then."

"I don't care what he knows. Those two men I met on the fourth floor were the dead images of the Gannon brothers. I guess I've as good a pair of eyes as anybody in Wall Street."

At that moment the office boy came up and told Roy to carry his message into the private room, so he didn't hear any more of a conversation that was intensely interesting to him.

"Know that gentleman yonder?" he asked the boy, indicating the man who had seen two pairs of the Gannon brothers.

"Yes; that's Broker Dayton."

"Where's his office?"

"Mills Building."

Roy delivered his message and then returned to his own office, where he made a note in his memorandum-book that Broker Dayton had seen two pairs of the Gannon brothers and was greatly puzzled by the fact. Four or five weeks passed away, and things went on as usual with Roy Woods. Sometimes he wondered why Mr. Cordley had not called on him for the cuff-button he had lost, the intrinsic value of which, he had gathered from Tiffany's manager, was about \$150.

He was satisfied that Cordley did not care to admit that the button was his, and that fact added to the boy's suspicions that there was something behind it. By close observation he had found out that Cordley was very thick with the Gannon brothers.

He also discovered that the three men who wore mustaches, derby hats, sack coats, and the special brand of cuff-button we have so frequently alluded to, were extremely friendly terms with both Cordley and the Gannon brothers. Roy sometimes

asked himself if these men were members of the unknown clique or syndicate represented by Cordley. One afternoon, as he was leaving the office, about four o'clock, he saw one of the men, whom he thought was Grismer, enter the office of the Gannon brothers. While he was waiting for the elevator to take him down, a cage came up and let out another of the men, whom Roy took for Mitchell.

The man went directly to the same office. When Roy reached the corridor below he ran against the third, whom he judged to be Bailey, just stepping into an elevator.

"There must be a meeting up in Gannon Brothers' office," thought the boy, pausing near the outer entrance. "I'd give a whole lot to know what is going on in there."

He walked as far as the sub-treasury building and stopped.

"I'm going back to see if I can find out any more points," he muttered.

So he went back and took an elevator for the fourth floor. The corridor was empty. He hung around a few minutes, and then, approaching the private door of the office of the Gannon Brothers, he stooped down and applied his eye to the key-hole. It certainly was not a dignified nor honorable proceeding on Roy's part, but he did not consider that for the moment. He got a good view of the interior of the private room, and he saw, gathered about a good-sized table, the three men, together with Richard Cordley and the six Gannon brothers, as he styled them.

As they sat there all about the same size, and all dressed in sack coats, without their hats, however, Roy at last had the Wall Street ten together, and as their number was ten, he associated them at once with the mysterious Newport ten. There was no doubt now that there were six Gannon facsimiles. He was looking right at them. That circumstance was decidedly suspicious, since both Oscar Gannon and Richard Cordley had positively denied the existence, as far as they knew, of the duplicate pairs. Roy saw that each of the ten in the room wore black-enameled, diamond-encrusted cuff-buttons.

"I'll bet every dollar I own that this is the unknown syndicate that boomed D. & O., J. & C., and H. & B.," breathed Roy, as he took in the scene before him. "I'll also bet those are the ten men I met on the Newport rocks, and that they could throw plenty of light on the death of William Deacon. I wish Mr. Jessup was in his office now. I'd bring him out here and let him see the six Gannon brothers, as plain as a pikestaff. I wish——"

Roy jumped up as quick as a wink and sauntered over to the elevator, for his sharp ears heard footsteps approaching, and he didn't want to be caught pursuing the occupation of a young Paul Pry. Roy lingered around for half an hour before he got another chance to take a look through the keyhole; then he saw the ten men inside had left the table, resumed their hats, and seemed about to break up.

"Well, I can't learn anything more to-day," he said to himself, "but I have learned a whole lot, just the same. I have at last rounded up the Wall Street ten, and discovered their rendezvous. I can identify six of them, at any rate—Cordley, Grismer, Mitchell, Bailey, and the Gannon broth-

ers. This brings the puzzle down to the four unknown duplicates of the Gannon brothers. Who they are and why they keep under cover, or pass themselves off at times for the real Gannons, is the mystery I'd like to penetrate. Maybe I will yet, for I think I've done pretty well so far. If these men are the unknown Wall Street syndicate, as I confidently believe they are, I'm in possession of a fact that the entire Street is ignorant of. At any rate, I mean to watch this ten combination as closely as possible after this, and see what will turn up."

Thus speaking to himself, Roy boarded an elevator and went home.

CHAPTER XII.—Roy Wins Over Half a Million And a Heart as Well.

About this time there was a lot of talk in Wall Street, and in the papers, about the efforts of a certain financial railway magnate to capture the control of the E. & G. Railroad. The majority of the directors of the road were said to be opposed to the man getting his flukes in, but it was the general belief in financial circles that he'd come out on top in spite of the opposition he was up against. This man already controlled a number of the largest trunk lines in the country, and though his methods did not meet with the approval, he managed to get ahead just the same.

The E. & G. was an important road in its field out West, and it was considered a sure thing that if he succeeded in capturing the line he would push the price of the stock up many points. It was now going at 92, which was rather low for it. In good times it sold at 105 and upward. After figuring the matter up, Roy decided to buy 20,000 shares of this stock, just to see how things would pan out. He didn't see how he could lose anything by the deal.

In fact, all the chances were in his favor of his making anywhere from five to ten dollars a share if he held on long enough. Hardly had he bought the stock when it jumped up to 97 in one hour. This caused a great deal of excitement in the Exchange, and in the rush to purchase that followed it went up to 100. From a conversation that Roy overheard between Mr. Jessup and a big operator, the boy decided to sell, and not chance it going higher. He gave the order to his broker, Mr. Webster, to do so, and the stock was sold at 100 and a fraction, Roy realizing a profit of \$160,000.

That put the young messenger's resources very close to the half-million mark. Next day E. & G. began to drop, and in two days was down to 94. Roy then got Webster to buy him in 30,000 of the same stock.

A week later E. & G. was up to par again. Roy was about to sell at that figure when the news was circulated that the railroad mogul had secured control of the road. The result of this rumor was that the stock went bounding up to 110. Roy ordered his shares sold at that price, in lots of 5,000, and he collared a profit of \$480,444. The young messenger was fairly dazed by the money he had made in his two E. & G. deals—\$640,000 altogether.

"Lor'!" he ejaculated. "Am I really worth within \$50,000 of a million? Why, this deluge of

money has taken my breath away. The whole thing has been just like a dream! To think of me, a messenger, dealing in 20,000 and 30,000 lots of railroad stock at a time! I can't realize it. When I sold the last lot its market value amounted to \$3,300,000, and I held it on a deposit of \$300,000. Gee! I guess I'd better give up the messenger business. When a fellow is worth as much as I am, there is no call for him to be at the beck and call of other people. I've been so long with Mr. Jessup, and he treats me so fine, that I hate to break away from him. I believe I'd rather work for him than be my own boss. Well, I must consider carefully what is best for me to do."

The report that the railroad magnate had got control of E. & G. proved to be premature, and the price of the stock dropped quick as a wink, causing quite a panic in the market. A number of brokers were forced to suspend, while many others were hard hit. The Street declared that somebody had put up a job, and got away with it, and there was howling and gnashing of teeth on all sides. No one could tell how many outsiders had been caught, but it was generally believed that the number was not small. In fact, it was noticed that there was a sudden dearth of lambs in the district. Among the brokers who had been badly nipped was Mr. Jessup.

He and many of his friends had gone into E. & G., and had held on too long. They had been tipped off to the fact that E. & G. would go to 115, but as we have seen, it only went to a little over 110, which indicated that astute persons had managed to get a fake pointer to Jessup and his friends, and they had been caught where the hair was short.

When settlements were in order, Jessup found that Richard Cordley and the Gannon brothers had him cornered to a considerable extent. He found that he would have to sell his best securities outright and mortgage his home to keep his head above water. By doing that he would be able to save his seat in the Exchange and keep on doing business as if nothing had happened to cripple him. It was a hard thing for him to dispose of his gilt-edged securities at that time, for the prices of stocks were lower than for several years. It would mean a great loss to him, for he had paid much more for them than he could sell them for now. The fact got out that Jessup, among others, had been badly done up in the E. & G. slump, and Nellie Abbott heard about it through her father. She told Roy the next time he called.

"This is news to me," he replied.

"Papa says he heard that Mr. Jessup has applied to the Guarantee and Trust Co. for money, offering his house as security."

"If that's true, it's fierce. One man's food seems to be another man's poison. Why, I made \$640,000 out of E. & G. myself."

"Why, that's over half a million!" cried the girl, fairly paralyzed by his statement.

"That's what it is. I'm now worth within \$50,000 of a clear million."

"My goodness!" she ejaculated. "What a lucky boy you are!"

"I won't deny that I'm lucky. If luck doesn't follow you in Wall Street you might as well fold up your tent and keep away from the Street."

"How did you make so much out of E. & G.

when your employer and so many others have lost heavily?"

"By selling out at the top of the market before the slump set in."

"How did you know the slump was coming?"

"I didn't know."

"Then you must have guessed it."

"No I didn't."

"Then why did you sell?"

"Because I have made it a rule never to hold on for the last dollar. When E. & G. reached 110 I thought that was high enough for me. So I sold. I hadn't more than got out before the slump came on. The price dropped as you'd drop a red-hot potato if somebody put it in your hand. Those who were caught were caught good and hard, because they had no chance to save themselves. It was just as if the ground dropped out from under them."

"Well, you're just too fortunate for anything!" she said.

"In Wall Street, yes; but I'm not sure I'll be so fortunate in something else I've set my heart on."

"What is that?" asked the girl inquisitively.

"Do you want to know real bad?"

"If you wish to tell me."

"I don't know whether I dare or not."

"Why not?"

"Because you are a party to it."

"I am? In what way?"

"In a very important way. You won't be angry with me if I tell you?"

"Angry with you? Why, of course not. I wouldn't get angry with you for anything!"

"I'm glad to hear it. Then I'll tell you what I've set my heart upon—I've set my heart on winning you for my wife. Now you know the whole thing. Are you angry?"

"Evidently she wasn't, for a few minutes afterward something that sounded suspiciously like a couple of kisses broke the silence of the room, and for the rest of the evening Roy and Nellie Abbott sat unusually close together, and seemed unusually happy.

"I made it in the stock market since I've been working for you."

Another gasp from the broker.

"I should be glad to have you explain, for I certainly can't make head nor tail of what you are telling me."

Accordingly, Roy began at the beginning and told the broker how for a long time he had been a customer of the little bank and brokerage house on Nassau Street, beginning with a purchase of five shares of a certain stock, on which he put up \$50—money which he had saved for the purpose.

He had more than doubled his money on his first deal, and he kept right on, with varying success, until he had accumulated \$3,000.

"Then I bought 600 shares of R. & A., and made over \$9,000 out of it," went on Roy. "After that I bought 1,000 D. & O., and cleared \$21,000. With \$34,000 capital, I purchased 3,000 J. & C., and my profit on that deal amounted to \$78,000, which made me worth over \$100,000. That brings me up to the recent E. & G. flurry. I first bought 20,000 at 92, and when it reached par I sold out, clearing \$160,000. When it went down to 94 I bought 30,000 shares of it, and after holding it a few days I sold at the climax of the excitement, making \$480,000 clear profit. I have now in a safe-deposit box in the Washington vaults, a few doors below here, \$950,000 in cash. That's the whole story."

Mr. Jessup looked at Roy a few moments without uttering a word. He was dumbfounded at the boy's revelation.

"If you are the possessor of \$950,000, young man, you are much better off than I am at this moment," returned the broker.

"Well, sir, you will pardon me for stating that I heard through Miss Abbott last night that you had been badly caught in the slump of E. & G. So badly, indeed, that you were going to mortgage your home to raise money. Now, you needn't do that. The whole of the money I have in my deposit box is at your service. Take what you need of it to see you through, and return it to me when you can. Your simple unindorsed note is good enough for me, for you have always treated me white since I've been with you."

We will pass over the balance of the interview, merely saying that when the broker realized that his messenger had told him nothing but facts he gladly accepted the boy's offer, saying that \$250,000 would enable him to meet his engagements.

That sum Roy immediately got for him, and Mr. Jessup lost no time in settling with Cordley and the Gannon Brothers.

Shortly afterward the broker was advised of a good thing about to be pulled off in the market. He let Roy in with him, and together they cleared three-quarters of a million, which was just the same as finding \$375,000 for the boy, and raised his capital to \$1,300,000. Mr. Jessup at once returned him the money he had borrowed, and had something over \$100,000 left with which to carry on his business. The broker was very grateful to Roy for the help he had given him at a critical time, and he made a proposition to the boy to take him into the office on the first of the coming year as his junior partner. Roy accepted the proposal, and the necessary papers were drawn up and signed, to take effect on the first of January, which was yet a few weeks off.

CHAPTER XIII.—In Which Roy Learns the Plans of the Syndicate of Ten.

Roy felt sorry to learn that Mr. Jessup had got into a financial hole through the unexpected slump in E. & G., and he determined to help him out. So next morning Roy followed Mr. Jessup into his private office as soon as he came in, and asked him if he could have a few minutes' private conversation.

"Certainly," replied the broker as Roy helped him off with his overcoat.

"I suppose it will surprise you to learn, Mr. Jessup, that I'm worth nearly a million dollars," began the boy, seating himself beside the desk.

"A million dollars!" ejaculated the broker, looking hard at the boy. "Well, yes, it certainly does surprise me. When did this good luck happen to you? Has some wealthy relative of yours made you his heir?"

"No, sir; nothing like that. I made the money myself."

"You made nearly a million dollars!" gasped Mr. Jessup, looking at his messenger as if he thought he had suddenly lost his mind. "What is this you are telling me?"

Every afternoon when Roy was through for the day he hung around the corridor, keeping his eye on the offices of Gannon Brothers and Richard Cordley. Nothing turned up to reward his vigilance until the week before Christmas.

Then one afternoon he noted the arrival of the three men—Grismer, Mitchell and Bailey—who entered the office of Gannon Brothers.

Five minutes afterward Roy saw either the Gannon brothers, or a pair of their duplicates, step out of one of the elevators and go into the same office. Ten minutes later another pair of the sextette came out of another elevator and disappeared into the office. Then a boy came out of Gannon Brothers', and crossing the corridor entered Mr. Cordley's office. He returned in a few minutes, accompanied by Mr. Cordley. Roy was now satisfied that there was going to be another meeting of the syndicate, and watching his chance, took a peep through the keyhole of the door of the private room and saw the ten men drawn up around the table as he had seen them on the former occasion.

Two of them used the sign language altogether to express their sentiments, and that fact satisfied Roy that they were the real Gannon brothers, though their four duplicates looked so much like them that it was a puzzle to distinguish the two known to Wall Street.

The sound of their voices reached him through the keyhole, and he applied his ear to the orifice to see if he could find out what they were talking about. He soon learned that the ten men inside were going to corner A. & L. stock, which was now going at 72, and as soon as they had the bulk of it in their possession they intended to send it above par and capture at least \$30 a share profit.

He learned and made a note on a piece of paper, of the amount of the stock that the syndicate counted on as being out of the market. The chief block was one of 50,000 shares, owned by the widow of a multi-millionaire railroad man, named Horace Watkins, who had died several years before.

This lady, who resided with one of her daughters in Vienna, was old and methodical in her ways. It was known that she had received offers for her stock at different times, but had turned the offers down with the answer that she never intended to sell it, for she was quite content with the steady income of five per cent. annually that she received through it. The syndicate figured that anywhere from 75,000 to 100,000 shares, in addition to the amount held by the directors, would not bother them, and they had money enough to swing the bulk of the balance.

The syndicate of ten then broke up, after agreeing to meet on the following Saturday afternoon at two o'clock in Gannon Brothers' office, which was their regular rendezvous, and Roy went home fully resolved that he would participate in the profits of the syndicate by immediately buying as much of A. & L. as he could get hold of.

CHAPTER XIV.—A Rare Piece of Luck.

Next morning Roy waited impatiently for Mr. Jessup to come downtown. Ten o'clock came, and Mr. Jessup did not make his appearance. A few

minutes later the cashier received a telephone message from his house saying that the broker had been taken suddenly ill and would not be down that day. The news circulated through the office and Roy heard about it. He was greatly disappointed, for he wanted his employer to set the ball rolling for their mutual interests. He knew that no time ought to be lost in securing as much of the A. & L. stock ahead of the syndicate as possible. While he was considering the matter the cashier sent him out with a note to a broker in Exchange Place. After delivering the note, to which there was no answer, he stopped in at Webster & Co., the brokerage firm which had put through his recent big deals.

When Roy entered Mr. Webster's private room that morning he was greeted quite effusively by the broker, who scented another order, with a large commission attached to it.

"What can I do for you this morning?"

"I want you to go out and buy me any part of 30,000 shares of A. & L. as close to the market as you can get it."

"All right," replied Webster, rubbing his hands with satisfaction at the size of the order. "I will attend to the matter right away."

"Here is \$300,000 deposit to cover the whole order. Should you be unable to fill the bill entirely, you can return the excess deposit to me when I call to-morrow."

Mr. Webster nodded, and Roy hastened back to his own office, arriving just in time to take out another message for the cashier.

On his way back from the bank, where he had taken the day's deposit, about a quarter to three, Roy dropped in at Webster & Co.'s to find out how much A. & L. stock the senior partner of the firm had secured so far.

"The stock seems to be very scarce, Woods," said Webster. "I've been all day picking up 10,000 shares."

"Is that all you think you can find?" asked Roy, much disappointed.

"No. From a note I've just received from Marcus Goodkind & Hirsch, I guess I'll be able to get the other 20,000 in a lump."

"I hope you will. I'd like to get as much of it as I can."

"I called on Goodkind & Hirsch the first thing after getting your order, but they only had 1,000 shares, which I took. I asked Goodkind to let me know if he heard of any broker having any, and he promised he would. Well, ten minutes ago he sent me a note telling me to call if I still wanted A. & L., as he had received a commission to dispose of a big batch of it at the market."

"Take whatever he's got, Mr. Webster," said Roy.

"Even if it's more than 20,000?"

"Well, perhaps you'd better let me know, first how much Goodkind & Hirsch have for sale, and find out, if you can, who is selling the stock through them."

"All right. Will you wait here until I return?" asked the broker.

"I will."

Webster put on his hat and went out. Inside of fifteen minutes he was back.

"Goodkind & Hirsch have 50,000 shares for sale," said Webster. "The order came to them through a big lawyer on Broadway. The stock belongs to

Mrs. Horace Watkins, a widow, who is living in Europe. The order calls for the sale of the stock as soon as possible."

"Buy the entire block!" cried Roy eagerly.

Mr. Webster didn't lose any time in hustling around to Goodkind & Hirsch's office and securing the stock, which Goodkind had given him an hour's option on. Roy returned to Webster's office about as soon as the broker did himself, and handed him the additional security. Webster then excused himself, as he had to make arrangements with his bank to help him carry such a big amount of stock as 60,000 shares worth \$72 a share, or the total sum of \$4,320,000.

"Gee! I wonder what Mr. Jessup will say when I tell him about this big deal I've gone into?" thought Roy when he got out on the street. "He'll have to turn to and help me work it. Just think! I have now got control of over four million dollars' worth of stock! I reckon I'm in a position to make things mighty interesting for the syndicate of ten. They have figured that Mrs. Watkins' stock would not come into the market. I wonder what caused her to order it sold now, after saying that she never intended to sell it? Why, I almost had a fit when Mr. Webster said that it was her stock that Goodkind & Hirsh had for sale."

Roy felt tickled to death over the prospect that he saw ahead. He was sure that the syndicate would go right ahead, unsuspecting of the trap that lay in its path, and that with the tremendous amount of shares he had at his disposal he would be able to beat the Wall Street ten to a standstill, for after they had boomed the stock up the thirty points they figured on, they would never be able to hold the market in face of Roy's 60,000 shares, which he would be able to force them to take in or throw up their hands and go to the wall financial wrecks.

Roy may be pardoned if he went home a very excited boy. His mother and sister naturally noticed his exuberant spirits. They asked him the cause, but he put them off, as he had often done before on the occasions when he was working a heavy deal. That evening, after dinner, he went over to Mr. Jessup's house to see how the broker was getting on. He was surprised and disturbed to learn that Mr. Jessup was very sick, and could not be consulted on anything connected with business. There was hardly any probability that he would be back to his office inside of a week or ten days.

"Well," muttered Roy as he turned away after his brief interview with Mrs. Jessup, "I guess it's up to me to carry my deal through. The new office boy that Mr. Jessup has hired to take my place on the first will have to take hold right away, so that I can have all my time to myself. I'll call at his house right away and tell him to report in the morning. Nobody but the cashier knows yet that I am on the eve of becoming the junior partner of the house. My gracious! How astonished the clerks will be when the news is communicated to them officially, and they see my name on the new stationery and upon the door as well!"

Roy chuckled gleefully as he boarded a downtown car on his way to the new messenger's home.

CHAPTER XV.—Roy surprises Mr. Jessup Again.

The new messenger was down at the office promptly at a quarter to nine, the time Roy told him to report and Roy himself came in a few minutes later. He devoted his time, till the cashier came in, to coaching the new boy in his duties; then he introduced him to the cashier, telling that gentleman that owing to certain conditions that had turned up he (Roy) could no longer give his time to carrying messages about the Street.

The cashier was a bit surprised, but as he knew that it was only a question of a few days when Roy was to quit as a messenger, anyhow, he presumed that the prospective junior partner was acting in accordance with instructions from Mr. Jessup.

Roy then told him that the broker was quite ill, and would not be down for a week in all probability. As soon as ten o'clock came Roy made a bee line for the Stock Exchange gallery, and stayed there till he felt hungry, when he went to lunch.

After lunch he went back, and remained there till the Exchange closed for the day. He enjoyed watching the brokers buying and selling on the floor, but kept his eyes particularly on the lookout for Richard Cordley.

That broker did not appear on the floor at all that day, though Roy saw two of the Gannon sextette walking about with their tablets in their hands doing business, and he took it for granted that they were the real Gannon brothers.

The next day was Friday, and Roy haunted the Exchange the same as he had done the day before. Cordley did not turn up, and Roy judged that he was around town, visiting the brokers, and buying up A. & L. shares on the quiet.

Roy was present next day at the two-hour session of the Exchange, from ten to twelve, but there was still no sign of Cordley. As soon as business ceased Roy walked leisurely out to a restaurant and ate his lunch; then he returned to the building where his office was. He knew that the syndicate of ten was going to hold another meeting at two o'clock, and he intended to see if he could find out some more points through the convenient keyhole.

As there was scarcely anybody in the building except the janitor and his assistants at that hour on Saturday, Roy expected to have the corridor pretty much to himself.

He reached the floor about ten minutes after two, and walked softly up to the door of the Gannon Brothers' private office. The syndicate of ten was already seated about the table in the room, and Richard Cordley was making his report. He said that on Monday he would make the final purchases in the open market. There were still about 30,000 shares in the possession of outsiders, the bulk of which he considered it necessary that they should secure at any figure below 80. The final plans were considered, and Roy found out that the syndicate intended to unload just as soon as the stock reached a little above par. The meeting then adjourned, the members of the syndicate arranging to come together again on Wednesday at five o'clock.

Roy took care to make a break for the stairway

as soon as he saw that the meeting was over, and he soon reached the street and started for home. Next day, after dinner, he called at Mr. Jessup's house again. As Mr. Jessup had suggested to Roy that he had better not talk business, he was careful to avoid anything savoring of Wall Street.

He remained a short time and then took his leave, promising to call on the following evening, or on Tuesday.

Roy made his appearance in the visitors' gallery of the Exchange about a quarter-past ten the next morning. At eleven Cordley came on the floor, and taking his stand near the A. & L. post, began bidding a fraction above the market rate for the stock. He gradually increased his bid until he was offering 75. Roy noticed that he made a number of purchases, but how many shares he thus secured the boy had no means of knowing. At half-past twelve he left the floor. Roy, concluding that he was through for the present, took the opportunity to go to lunch, after which he returned to the gallery.

Cordley reappeared on the floor at two o'clock, and remained until the Exchange closed, during which time he made several purchases.

Next day he continued the same tactics, and A. & L. went up to 76. That evening Roy called on Mr. Jessup again. The broker was so much improved that the boy ventured to tell him everything he had learned about the Wall Street ten. Mr. Jessup was astonished to learn that these men Roy had been following up composed the unknown syndicate which had been operating so successfully in the Street for the past half year or so. He no longer entertained any doubt about the existence of the Gannon brothers sextette, and was satisfied that there was something queer behind the matter.

"For all we know, Roy, those four duplicates may have often impersonated the Gannon twins, as we call them, for some purpose or another. Whether they have or not, they have some reason for keeping in the background. So Grismer, Mitchell and Bailey are members of that syndicate, while Cordley, you say, appears to be the leader of it? When I get downtown I will take measures to have this syndicate looked into. There may be something in your suspicion that they are the ten men you saw at Newport on the night of Deacon's death. If so, their silence on the subject may be regarded as suspicious, and I think the matter ought to be investigated by the police. Deacon, I know, had close business relations with Cordley, and Cordley seems to be the leading spirit of the syndicate. Well, I'll attend to these gentlemen when I am in shape."

"Unless you get downtown soon, Mr. Jessup, there may be no syndicate for you to attend to," replied Roy.

"What do you mean?"

"I have things so arranged that I expect to break the clique up completely."

"What have you done?"

"I have done a whole lot that I guess will astonish you when you hear about it. To begin with, I discovered that this syndicate of ten had made plans to corner A. & L."

"Are you sure of that, Roy?" asked the broker. "Positive."

The boy then explained how, on the afternoon he had first seen the ten men together in the private room of the Gannon Brothers' office, he had

overheard their plans through the keyhole. He repeated to Mr. Jessup the substance of what he had learned that day. Then he went on to say that on learning of Mr. Jessup's illness he had gone ahead himself and given an order to Webster & Co. to buy 30,000, or any part of that number, of A. & L. shares. Then he told the broker how the 50,000 shares belonging to Mrs. Watkins had turned up for sale most unexpectedly, and how he had secured control of them.

"The syndicate of ten has gone ahead under the firm impression that those shares would, under no circumstances, come to the front. Now I propose they shall come to the front at the moment the clique is about to unload. Cordley will have to buy them in, or the syndicate must go to the wall. As the 60,000 shares I control will then have a market value of six millions, I doubt very much if the syndicate will have funds enough left to purchase even a quarter of them. I think I have the syndicate in a tight box at this moment, and all that is wanting to complete the ruin of the ten is for the moment to arrive for me to spring a big surprise on them in the shape of the 60,000 shares."

Mr. Jessup was amazed at the shrewd way Roy had worked matters, and he told the boy that there wasn't one chance in ten that the Cordley crowd would be able to save themselves from a financial collapse. He gave Roy a lot of good, practical advice about how to proceed in case he was unable to be on hand at the critical moment, and wound up by assuring the boy that he was very proud of the ability he displayed in Wall Street matters, and prognosticated a brilliant and successful future for him.

CHAPTER XVI.—Conclusion.

Next day A. & L. crawled up to 80 under Cordley's final efforts to get hold of the balance of the outstanding shares, mostly represented by the 10,000 that Webster had first bought for Roy. That afternoon, at the meeting of the syndicate, it was decided to start the boom up next day, and accordingly, on Thursday morning, Cordley got busy in earnest. He started to bid up the price, and when it reached 90 he had the brokers all tumbling over themselves in frantic efforts to buy some of the stock. Great excitement prevailed on the floor, and the price went up to 95 by three o'clock. Roy, finding that the crisis was at hand, visited Webster & Co. that afternoon and told the head of the firm just what he wanted him to do.

"As soon as A. & L. gets a fraction above 100 begin offering 10,000 shares, in small lots, to Cordley. Then get your partner to feed him 10,000 more in small blocks. He'll probably be able to take in that much all right. As soon as you've sold him the 20,000 both you and your partner can begin to dump the stock on him in 5,000 lots. If he can stand the bombardment, he'll do much better than I think he will. My object, you can see, is to break the market."

"But, my boy, you will lose money by so doing!" protested Webster. "Besides, you are certain to cause a panic that will bring ruin to many."

"I can't help that, Mr. Webster. It is absolutely necessary for the success of my plans that I break the syndicate at the back of A. & L. Un-

TEN SILENT BROKERS

less the members of it are wealthier than I imagine they are, I shall do it. Just follow my directions, please, and don't you worry about what may happen."

At eleven next day A. & L. touched 101, and then Webster and his partner, who were on the floor, waiting to trade, came to the front and began alternately tendering the stock to Cordley, at first in 2,000 lots. The leader of the syndicate took it as fast as it was offered, though he didn't like to do it for a cent. When Webster offered him the first 5,000 lot Cordley seemed staggered, for he had figured that the syndicate now held all the outstanding shares. He had to take it in at any cost, for it was absolutely necessary for the syndicate to hold the market.

After a short interval Webster's partner shoved another 5,000 at him. Cordley turned livid, but took it in sheer desperation. Then Webster turned up with another 5,000. That capped the climax. Cordley had already been forced to accept 30,000 shares at 101, representing an outlay of over three million, and he knew the syndicate did not have the money to pay for it. He couldn't understand where the stock was coming from. Their plans were already knocked into a cocked hat, for the first time in the clique's history, and ruin stared them in the face.

"I can't take it!" he said scarcely.

"Then I'll have to throw it on the market," replied Webster.

"It will break the price!" gasped Cordley.

"I can't help that. I am following orders."

"Have you any more besides that batch?" asked Cordley.

"Yes."

"In the name of thunder whose stock is it that you are offering?"

"Mrs. Horace Watkins."

"My heavens! That settles it!" gasped Cordley. "We are ruined!"

He rushed from the Exchange like a madman to communicate the terrible news to his associates, who were awaiting results in the office of the Gannon Brothers. By the time he faced them, the picture of despair, the market was on the run, and the most intense excitement ran riot in the Exchange. It could scarcely be called a panic, however, as few persons were really involved in the slump of A. & L. The syndicate had most of the stock, and had been caught before the members were able to unload any on the brokers or the public; consequently the clique of ten were practically the only sufferers, and they all went to the wall with a crash.

When the Exchange closed A. & L. was down to 80. Next morning it opened at 79, and sank to 70 in an hour. Roy still held 20,000 shares, on which he was out about \$60,000; but to offset this he had three-quarters of a million profit coming to him. Whether he would get it all depended on the ability of the syndicate of ten to meet its engagements up to the moment of the slump. Roy had already carried the news of his success to Mr. Jessup, and that evening the boy called to communicate the present state of affairs. The broker complimented him on the way he had managed the deal, and told him that he would be down at the office on the morrow. Next morning Mr. Jessup appeared at his office, feeling all right again. One of the first things he did was to call on Cord-

ley for a settlement. At the present state of the market, with relation to A. & L., Cordley, as representative of the syndicate, couldn't settle, except at a reduced rate, and said so.

"Well, then, bring every member of the syndicate to my office at three o'clock today, and I will see what terms I can offer you," said Mr. Jessup, leaving him.

Cordley notified his associates of Jessup's ultimatum, and then returned to his office and shut himself up in his private room, leaving orders that he was not to be disturbed under any circumstances. His wishes were respected until quarter to three, when the Gannon brothers called and insisted on seeing him. The office boy knocked on the door several times without receiving an answer. Finally he opened the door and looked in. Cordley sat bent over at his desk. The Gannon brothers pushed their way in and found that Cordley was dead. He had committed suicide by swallowing a poisonous drug. Ten minutes later the office boy of the Gannon brothers carried a note in to Mr. Jessup. It read as follows:

"The syndicate of the ten silent brokers will meet Mr. Jessup in the corridor at three o'clock sharp.

"(Signed) ONE OF THEM."

The broker looked at the clock. It wanted half a minute of three.

"Come," he said to Roy, passing him the note to read. "We will meet them in the corridor, since they so desire, but we will not, of course, transact any business with them there. If they have a settlement to propose they must submit it to you, for the deal is really yours. You may settle with them on your own terms, for you've got them where the shoe pinches."

Roy, following Broker Jessup into the corridor, beheld, to his amazement, nine men, dressed and looking exactly alike, drawn up in a row. Each held a certificate of stock in his hand. Roy recognized them as the silent brokers. That is, every one of the nine was a duplicate of the Gannon brothers. Mr. Jessup was also amazed and dumfounded by the sight before his eyes. Neither he nor Roy could put his hand on any particular one, and say positively that he was Oscar or Oliver Gannon, the dumb twins. They maintained absolute silence, and seemed waiting for Mr. Jessup to speak.

"What kind of mummery is this?" asked the broker at length.

The man who stood on the right end of the line presented a pad on which was written:

"Cordley is dead. He committed suicide in his office a short time ago. The settlement, therefore, devolves on us. What are your terms?"

Both Roy and Jessup were shocked to learn of Cordley's tragic death.

"Come into my office," said the broker, "and some arrangement may be made."

They shook their heads, and pointed to the private door of Gannon Brothers' office, thereby intimating that they wished matters concluded in there. Mr. Jessup nodded. The nine silent brokers walked into the room, followed by Roy and Mr. Jessup.

"Before anything is done," said Roy, stepping forward, "I want to know who you each are, individually. I am the person with whom you have to settle, not Mr. Jessup."

Mr. Jessup corroborated the boy's statement, to the great surprise of the nine. One of them wrote on a pad that they could not understand how it was that the boy had anything to do with the matter, as they supposed they had to deal with a recognized broker, like Mr. Jessup. Jessup, however, said that Roy had put the deal through with his own money, and without any assistance from him or anybody else, and consequently he was the person the broken syndicate had to deal with. Roy then demanded again that each man would write his name on his pad and hand it to him.

"I know that three of you are named Grismer, Mitchell and Bailey. Two of you are the Gannon brothers, and the other four are duplicates of the Gannons. The tenth man is Cordley, who is dead. I especially want to know who the four duplicates of the Gannon brothers are. I also want your admission that you are the ten men I met on the rocks at Newport on the night of the death of William Deacon; and I demand from you an explanation of that mystery. If you reply to all my questions satisfactorily, I will settle with you on terms that will let you down easily; if you refuse to do so, you will have to take the consequences."

When Roy had had his say one of the nine stepped to the head of the table and said that the death of Cordley had put an end to their bond of silence on the subject of the death of Deacon. From his statement, Deacon, after loaning Cordley many thousands of dollars, had suddenly made a demand for immediate repayment, threatening him with ruin if he failed to come to time. Cordley, after a consultation with the syndicate, which he had just formed, decided that his only salvation depended on intimidating Deacon into a settlement. He and his nine associates went to Newport in separate bunches that Saturday, and Cordley sent word to Deacon that he would meet him on the beach, not far from Green's cottage, that night, and arrange terms for payment of the money. At the appointed hour Deacon came to the beach, and found Cordley there with his associates.

Deacon refused, and a scrap ensued between the men, during which Deacon fell on the rocks and fractured his skull, dying immediately. Cordley and his associates were staggered by the unexpected ending of the interview, and after a hurried consultation decided to stick by one another and maintain perfect silence on the matter. To make the accident appear like a murder and robbery, they took Deacon's watch, jewelry and money and tossed them into the bay, and then placed the body where it would have been washed away by the tide had not Roy come along and moved it up the beach. Unluckily, Cordley dropped one of his cuff-buttons there, too. The ten then left the shore and took a late train for New York.

The spokesman then explained the marvelous resemblance of the three pairs of Gannon brothers was due to the fact that they were actually brothers, and three pair of twins, at that; but only two of them were mutes. They formed the brokerage firm of Gannon Brothers, but the Street was kept in ignorance of the fact that there were more than two in the firm, and all six masqueraded in public at different times as the known dummies. The fact that Grismer, Mitchell and Bailey resembled one another was quite accidental, and was intensified by the fact that the ten had made an agreement to dress exactly alike

as long as they held together as the syndicate of the ten silent brokers.

Roy accepted the explanation of the members of the syndicate he had broken, and consented to help them out of their financial difficulties by agreeing to boom A. & L. to 90, and hold it there until they had unloaded their enormous holdings at a fair profit, Cordley's interests to be looked after for the benefit of his widow. This arrangement was carried out, and Roy himself made a good profit out of the 20,000 shares he had not sold during the slump. After the conclusion of the deal the syndicate broke up as a combination, and each continued his career as before the formation of the clique. The six Gannon brothers were not interfered with by Roy, and they carried on business as they had done before. On the first of the year Roy was publicly announced as the junior partner of the new firm of Jessup & Woods, and took his place as the firm's representatives at the Exchange, where he made himself very popular among the traders. Today he is the head of the firm of Woods & Co., and the husband of Nellie Abbott, and his best friends are the nine men who, with the dead Cordley, once made up the ten silent brokers.

Next week's issue will contain "ONLY A FACTORY BOY; OR, WINNING A NAME FOR HIMSELF."

TIME MEASUREMENT.

Why is our hour divided into sixty minutes, each minute into sixty seconds, etc.? Simply and solely because in Babylon there existed, by the side of the decimal system of notation, another system, the sexagesimal, which counted by sixties. Why that number should have been chosen is clear enough, and it speaks well for the practical sense of those ancient Babylonian merchants. There is no number which has so many divisors as 60. The Babylonians divided the sun's daily journey into 24 parasangs, or 720 stadia. Each parasang, or hour, was subdivided into 60 minutes. A parasang is about a German mile, and Babylonian astronomers compared the progress made by a good walker during the same time, both accomplishing the parasang. The whole course of the sun during the fourteen parasangs, or 720 stadia, or 360 degrees.

The system was handed on to the Greeks, and Hipparchus, the great Greek philosopher, who lived about 150 B. C., introduced the Babylonian hour into Europe. Ptolemy, who wrote about 156 A. D., and whose name still lives in that of Ptolemaic system of astronomy, gave still wider currency to the Babylonian way of reckoning time.

It was carried along on the quiet stream of traditional knowledge through the Middle Ages, and, strange to say, it sailed down safely over the Niagara of the French Revolution. For the French, when revolutionizing weights, measures, coins and dates, and subjecting all to the decimal system of reckoning, were induced by some unexplained motive to respect our clocks and watches, and allowed our dials to remain sexagesimal—that is, Babylonian—each hour consisting of sixty minutes. Here we see the wonderful coherence of the world, and how what we call knowledge is the result of an unbroken tradition of a teaching descending from father to son.

WILL, THE WAGON BOY

or, The Diamonds that Came by Express

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story.)

CHAPTER XXIV.—Conclusion.

"Hold on!" shouted Ben. "This won't do! Light up here, you old rascal! Light up, I say!"

"Be quiet! Stand your ground!" the voice of the fakir was heard to say. "Neither speak nor move if you want the Great Ghorgee!"

While these singular happenings were taking place at Mr. Bum's upstairs over the Albany street dive, Mr. Allen, proprietor of the European express, was sitting quietly in his private office attending to business as usual.

But for some unexplained reason he found it hard work to fix his thoughts upon what he was doing; they would revert to the matter of the Sandusky diamonds, and the vexatious lawsuit which the prima donna had instituted against him.

If Mr. Allen had ever heard of the Great Ghorgee he would doubtless have thought of that, too, but he knew nothing of the big diamond, which had not been invoiced with the rest, and madame, the prima donna, had not dared to mention it to her lawyer for, knowing that the attempt had been made to bring it into the country free of duty, she feared to find herself up against Uncle Sam.

All at once the telephone bell rang, and Mr. Allen picked up his desk receiver, and the following conversation took place:

"Hello! Hello! Is this the office of Allen's Express?"

"Yes, this is Allen's Express."

"I want to speak with Mr. Allen, please."

"Allen is at the phone. Who are you?"

"No matter who I am. I wish to speak of the Sandusky diamonds. I—"

"Who are you?"

"Once more I tell you no matter who I am. If you are wise you will quietly listen to what I have to say."

"All right! Go ahead. I'm listening."

"It was a complicated plot, the details of which you will perhaps never know. What you really want are the diamonds."

"Yes, yes."

"Then get a detective or an officer, or both, and go at once to No. — Albany street to a saloon kept by an old Hindu Lascar named Bum-jado, commonly called Mr. Bum. There you will find Examiner Daycock, of the Public Stores—the diamond expert, I mean. He is the thief and the murderer of Karl Kutter. He should be arrested. Also two private detectives named Ben Bolton and Nellie Tighe. They will not be found there, but they must be arrested later, for they can explain the mystery. Your diamonds will be returned to you by Will Walker, the wagon

boy. He is innocent of all wrong intention in the matter. If you are wise you will listen to his story, which, strange as it may appear, is true. Good-by!"

"Hello! Hello! Wait! I want to ask—" cried Mr. Allen.

It was no use, however.

The mysterious voice came no more over the phone.

* * * * *

Awed by the earnest words of the Hindu fakir, Ben Bolton for the moment made no move.

The room was so dark that he could see absolutely nothing, but he could hear a shuffling about the floor.

All at once the door flew open, and by the light which came in from the hall Ben and Nellie saw Mr. Bum dart out, dragging the masked boy by the hand.

With a cry of rage, Ben sprang to the door, but all too late, for it was slammed in his face, and the key turned in the lock.

Will, all mixed up as to what had occurred, was instantly relieved of the cloak and mask by the hands of the fakir, and his cap was placed on his head.

"Are you all right?" whispered Mr. Bum, paying no attention to Ben's cries and kicks on the door. "Do you know what is going on now?"

"Yes," said Will. "I know. What am I to do?"

Then into his hand Mr. Bum thrust a small package, which in the darkness he had abstracted from the inside pocket of Examiner Daycock's vest.

"Here are the diamonds—take them back where they belong," he breathed. "They are all there but the Great Ghorgee—that you will do well to be silent about, for you will never see it again. Now go!"

He pushed Will ahead of him down the dark stairs, and followed him into the street.

"Go!" he breathed, "and I go, too! Farewell!"

Then as Mr. Bum ran down Albany street Will ran up, and never stopped until he was on Broadway and close to the door of Allen's Express.

His wagon stood by the curb, and there was no one with it. A strange feeling of faintness seized Will, and he leaned against the wheel.

At the same instant the door flew open, and out came Mr. Allen, followed by Jack Downey, the detective. Neither recognized the disguised boy, even when he rushed up to them, exclaiming: "Oh, Mr. Allen! I've got the diamonds! Here they are!"

Then Will, thrusting the package into his employer's hands, sank fainting at his feet.

The long strain was over, the diamonds, all but the Great Ghorgee, were safe at last.

Detective Jack Downey and the policeman whom he called to assist him found Examiner Daycock still lying unconscious on the floor of Mr. Bum's strangely furnished room. The door had been kicked to pieces. Ben Bolton and Nellie Tighe were gone, and nothing could be found of Mr. Bum.

By the time Jack Downey had rounded up his unconscious prisoner in the station, whither he was taken in the patrol wagon, Will, restored to consciousness in Mr. Allen's private office, had told all his strange story.

It was received with far more attention than

he had dared to hope for, and to his immense relief Mr. Allen appeared to believe it.

The package was opened, and the diamonds, with the exception of the imitation crown jewels, were found intact. These were recovered later from the rubbish heap in the Maiden Lane office, and the whole were delivered to Madame Sandusky, who receipted for them without mention of the Great Ghorgee.

But Will told Mr. Allen all, and received the advice to say nothing to any one else about the mysterious Great Ghorgee.

Mr. Allen did not entirely drop the matter, however, and Ben Bolton and Nellie Tighe were hauled up at headquarters.

They confirmed Will's story in every particular, but claimed that it had been their intention to at once return the diamonds to Mr. Allen when they got them. This, there can be no doubt, was false.

Dr. Pajaro was found to be actually dead, and he was buried by the New York Buddhist Society, of which he was a member.

When the police came to look for Captain Bogan, alias Prince Bogano, they found that he had fled from the city. He was never heard of again.

Mr. Bum had also vanished. Abandoning all his property, the man never returned.

Examiner Daycock awoke to consciousness a raving maniac. From morning till night he kept constantly calling out that he killed Karl Kutter, and that the devil prompted him to do it. He died in an asylum, keeping up the same cry until the end. That he actually committed the murder there can be no doubt, but the full details of the affair were never proved.

Tom Rankin, his fellow examiner, was in the plot. He, it seemed, had been a patient of Dr. Pajaro, who had put him up to the attempted robbery. They were actually in the vacant office as Will had described at Mr. Bum's, and the door was locked upon them. Probably Daycock did it. Rankin admitted telling him that an attempt was to be made to steal the diamonds, but he declared that he had never heard of the Great Ghorgee.

He was discharged by the government, but was not prosecuted.

Joe Martin was soon released from the Tombs, his uncle declining to appear against him, and withdrawing his complaint.

At this time the Buddhist Society lost their famous Hindu leader, Swami Muryanda. It was learned that he sailed for Europe on the day Mr. Allen received the telephone message, accompanied by a Hindu servant.

Was Muryanda Dr. Pajaro's brother?

Was that servant Mr. Bum?

Mr. Allen believes it.

Six months later he showed Will, who still is in his employ, now holding a prominent position in the office, an extract from a Bombay newspaper which stated that the Rajah of Ghorgee had returned to his kingdom and assumed the throne of his ancestors.

The extract further stated that the great diamond, which had for centuries formed the single eye of the idol in the rock temple of Ghorgee, and which had been stolen years before, had been

mysteriously restored on the night the Rajah ascended to the throne.

The people believed it to be a miracle, but the paper went on to say there were rumors that the diamond had been brought from Europe by a man named Bumjado, who was now the Rajah's prime minister.

Thus this strange case, which began in mystery, ended in mystery. But Mr. Allen never doubted that Swami Muryanda was the new Rajah of that far distant Indian kingdom, and that it was he who called him up on the phone on that day, when he took the Great Ghorgee from Will, the wagon boy.

And Will found that there was nothing in Dr. Pajaro's pretension that there was a mystery to his life in England.

The Hindo had merely been using him as a tool to get the big diamond.

THE END.

A NEW SERIAL WILL BEGIN

NEXT WEEK

The title is

TURNED AWAY

— OR —

A BOY IN SEARCH OF HIS NAME.

By GASTON GARNE

STEAM-DRIVEN AEROPLANE

From Germany has come the report of the development of a steam-driven aeroplane which is said to be remarkably efficient in all of the points in which the gasoline-driven plane is lacking. The power and speed of the steam-driven automobile are fairly well-known and recognized. The steam-powered airplane is built entirely of metal and steam is generated by a combination of crude and other oils which is broken up under a forced air feed and sprayed against the boiler. Here it ignites giving a terrific heat. It is said that ten gallons of oil are sufficient to run the plane's 750-horsepower engine for eight hours. The water tanks are located in the metal wings of the huge plane and the steam is condensed after use and returned to these tanks.

American aeronautical engineers have experimented with steam planes, but have encountered difficulty in condensing the steam and returning it to the water tanks without the use of heavy apparatus. They are inclined to doubt the statement regarding the small amount of fuel oil needed to operate the German plane. Eight hours' flying from ten gallons of oil seems almost too good to be true. There is little doubt that the future will bring a development of the steam-driven plane, and it is unlikely that it will eventually replace the gasoline-driven one as a commercial vehicle.

BRIEF BUT POINTED

THEFT OF HOUSE

A complaint filed with the Paris police by Mme. Cabert said that her whole house had been stolen. Mme. Cabert stated that she had built a small house of wood in the Rue de la Salpetriere. She was called away to visit a dying aunt and when she returned the house had disappeared.

SPLINTERLESS GLASS

Closely resembling ordinary glass and suitable to take its place for many purposes, a chemical substitute that is said not to splinter has been produced in Germany. Because of this quality, it is being recommended for panes of motor cars and in optical instruments.

ANCIENT FASHIONS

Pearls from the Ohio mound hoards show that the ancient Indians who built them and accumulated the jewels found in them were as fastidious as modern jewelers about their quality, according to Dr. Walter Hough of the United States National Museum. They used only perfectly shaped pearls, rejecting even the baroque that receive at least minor favor from Europeans.

FROZEN EGGS

Eggs kept in cold storage in a frozen condition for nearly nine years have been found by the Bureau of Chemistry of the United States Department of Agriculture to retain practically their original vitamin-A potency. From the results of this experimental work it seems that freezing eggs and keeping them for long periods in cold storage causes but little if any deterioration with respect to this vitamin.

FIVE COLOR PENCIL

A pocket pencil that will write in any one of five colors is a new convenience for the office man. It is of the self-feeding type. When a lead of a certain color is to be used, an indicator near the point is turned until it registers the desired color. A twist on a knurled knot at the end of the holder then ejects the lead at the point.

The pencil has a clip to fasten it to the coat pocket.

HOW SAVINGS GROW

Ten dollars a month saved and put out at 4 per cent. compound interest will show an accumulation of \$1,475 in ten years; \$7.50 a month will show \$1,106; \$6 a month will show \$885; \$5 a month will show \$737; \$4.50 a month will show \$663; \$4 a month will show \$589; \$3 a month will show \$442 and \$2.50 a month will show \$368, says the Thrift Magazine.

Any sum saved and invested at 4 per cent. compound interest will more than double itself in twenty years. Save \$10. At the end of the first year you will have \$10.40; in five years you will have \$12.70.

At the end of the tenth year your interest will have grown to \$6.20, and at the end of the twentieth year your interest will be \$10.70, or more than double your original sum. Carried along on

the same basis \$100 will become \$207 and \$1,000 will grow to \$2,070.

Save tencents a day and in ten years your daily savings will be \$365, in addition to \$80.30 compound interest, making a total of \$445.30.

If you save 15 cents a day for ten years with interest compounded at 4 per cent, you will have \$668; 20 cents a day will net \$890.99; 50 cents a day will mean \$2,227.73, and \$1 a day will give you a total of \$4,445.74.

THE MUD SPRINGS OF MENDOCINO

The mud springs of Mendocino County, California, are located sixteen miles northeast of Westport on the coast. They occupy a space of twenty-five acres at an altitude of fourteen hundred feet above the sea, and number thirty or forty, with vents ranging from three feet in diameter to three inches. The water which bubbles out of the orifices holds in solution a large percentage of bicarbonate of soda, which solidifies as it spreads over the surrounding land, leaving the surface as white as though covered by snow. Few persons visit these springs, on account of their inaccessibility, but, with the extension of the railroad from San Francisco, the place will certainly become a popular resort. The water is ice cold, but those who venture to take a mud bath profess to find great relief from their maladies. In the vicinity there are numberless mineral springs of great volume and potency. A remarkable fact relating to the mud springs is that every earthquake shock in the State, no matter how distant it may be, can be detected by action of the springs, for either the flow of water is increased or the soil which surrounds them quakes. It is said also that at regular periods the water of the springs ebbs and rises like the tide.

SIMPLER BEDS FOR HOSPITALS

Hospital beds about the simplest form of sleeping equipment made, have been further simplified, through the efforts of the United States Department of Commerce, says the Medical Journal and Record. They are now made in thirty-three different lengths, thirty-four different widths and forty-four heights. Following a conference with hospital officials, the Government recommends that the standard hospital bed should be seventy-eight inches long and thirty-six inches wide, with widths of thirty-three and thirty-one inches when narrower or wider beds are necessary. A bed twenty-seven inches high is said to be the most convenient for nurses. The Government and forty-six hospitals, manufacturers and associations have adopted this size as standard.

The American Hospital Association estimates that more than \$350,000,000 is spent annually for new construction and equipment in the hospitals of the United States and Canada. The Department of Commerce says that a saving of only 1 per cent. by reducing the waste due to excessive variety in hospital equipment would mean the release of nearly \$10,000,000 a year that could be expended for enlarging hospital facilities.

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

NURMI KEEPS WORLD'S TITLE

Paavo Nurmi, the Finnish runner, again retained his crown as the world's champion miler. He defeated the Swedish champion, Edwin Wide, in 4 minutes 11 seconds. Wide's time was two seconds slower.

In the 6,000-meter relay race the team headed by Nurmi set a new record of 16 minutes 26 seconds.

RADIO DIRECTION FINDERS TO LOCATE RUM-RUNNERS

The Coast Guard put into operation recently another weapon against rum-runners in the form of a radio direction finder. By means of the instrument, developed by the Bureau of Standards, it will be possible for Government vessels to detect the position of rum-runners using the radio.

The device, invented several years ago, has now been perfected so that it may be operated successfully on the fleet of small patrol boats recently added to the Coast Guard service.

FIFTY-YEAR-OLD "IRON HORSE" PUFFS TO SESQUI EXPOSITION

Puffing its way laboriously from Baltimore, the largest passenger locomotive in use fifty years ago has taken its place beside one of the mammoth "iron horses" recently turned out by the Baldwin Locomotive Works, at an exhibit of that corporation at the Sesqui-Centennial International Exposition, in Philadelphia.

The wonder-provoking engine of a half century ago, which was one of the chief attractions at the Centennial Exposition in 1876, is a pitiful pygmy beside the massive locomotive designed for use in 1926. The Baltimore engine took a prize at the Centennial Exposition and its noisy and slow operation was a constant marvel while it was on view.

SESQUI LIVE STOCK SHOW TO GIVE \$65,000 PRIZES

The foremost judges of beef cattle, dairy cattle, draft horses, sheep and swine will inspect the entries and select the winners in the Live Stock

Show which will be a part of the Sesqui-Centennial International Exposition, in Philadelphia, from September 12 to 19. More than \$65,000 in prize money will be distributed.

The stock show will be one of the outstanding events of its kind and virtually all of the leading breeders of the country have announced they will participate. Entries will be accepted for the show until August 10. Blanks can be obtained by breeders and exhibitors from the Live Stock Department, Sesqui-Centennial Exposition, Philadelphia. A banquet will be tendered the exhibitors at the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel in Philadelphia on September 14.

LAUGHS

Mamma—You must always remember to take your sister's part, Johnny. Johnny—I do. I took her part of the cake just about five minutes ago.

Bill—They say there is a good deal to be learned from the busy bees. **Jill**—So there is; but as a rule people are not anxious to take points from them.

"I want those eggs stopped!" shouted the tragedian, striding to the footlights. "Well you're stoppin' 'em, ain't you?" asked the boy in the gallery, soaking him with another.

Irving Washington (wiping his lips)—That was really the sweetest kiss I have ever had. **Louis Barkis**—I thought you would think so, Irving; my face powder gave out and I used confectioners' sugar.

"The race is not always to the swift," said the Sunday-school teacher impressively. "Can any one tell me why?" "Because sometimes the gasoline tank explodes," promptly replied the up-to-date little boy.

A school board inspector once asked a class of children if any of them could tell him what an epidemic was. No answer. "Well, let me prompt you. An epidemic is anything that spreads. Now, what's an epidemic?" "Jam, sir," replied a boy promptly.

Mrs. Hauskeep—I don't know much about the new girl, but she's good-natured and harmless at any rate. **Mr. Hauskeep**—How did you find that out? **Mrs. Hauskeep**—I notice that she sings a her work. **Mr. Hauskeep**—That's no sign; a mosquito does that!

The Irish night watchman at the flying field was watching some men take meteorological observations. He paused to watch a man peerin through a large telescope. Just then a star fell. "Man above," he exclaimed in amazement. "You're sure a foine shot."

A lawyer was always lecturing his office boy, whether he needed it or not. One day he chanced to hear the following conversation between the boy and one employed next door. "How much does he pay you?" asked the later. "I get \$2,000 a year," replied the lawyer's boy; \$10 a week and the rest in legal advice."

PERILS OF CIRCUS PERFORMERS

One of the most lively and picturesque features in a circus performance is "leaping by the entire company," particularly in a show where it is participated in by forty of fifty skilled performers.

Running down a long inclined plane and taking a start off the springboard, they, one by one, in rapid succession, dart high in air and far away to land on the thick mattress, where one or two sturdy fellows stand braced to catch them.

Over horses they fly, then over camels and elephants, finally over a pyramid of men upon the elephants' backs.

It is marvelous what prodigious leaps they make, and so swiftly do they follow each other that when they get well going the effect is presented of a fountain actively spouting a flood of twisting, writhing, darting bodies and legs brilliant in all the colors of the rainbow.

Two, three or four men seem to be in the air at once, and each turns one or two somersaults during his flight.

The spectators applaud and say, "How pretty!" "How graceful!" and "How easy!"

Not one in a hundred says what is most eminently true, "How dangerous!"

The fact is that all circus men recognize this as one of the most dangerous pieces of work they are called upon to perform.

Not a season passes in which, in every circus on the road, men are not seriously injured and even lamed for life by accidents in doing the high leaps.

Sometimes backs are broken, though that is not so frequent as the breaking of legs, and a common thing is the breaking or severe spraining of an ankle.

And there is hardly any other physical mischance that the circus performer dreads so much as an injury to his ankle. It is liable to put an end forever to all his riding, tumbling, acrobatic work, to everything, in fact, by which he gains his bread.

The great danger to the leaper is in his somersault. If he is very skillful he may have a pretty clear idea while he is in the air of where and how he is going to land after a double somersault; but many leapers go through life without solving that problem satisfactorily, and, of course, they are the most frequent sufferers by accidents.

Landing on an edge of the thick mattress is exceedingly apt to injure an ankle, and coming down headfirst is liable to break the neck.

But when the adventurous performer essays a triple somersault he never knows how it is going to result.

The first man who attempted that feat is said to have been John Aymer, in Batty's circus, in the Isle of Wight. He broke his neck in doing it.

It has been successfully performed by several men in this country, but is rarely done, and when it is, does not impress the public sufficiently to make it worth the risk it involves. People fail to appreciate it. They do not know that each somersault following the first in an aerial flight gains one-third in speed over the one preceding, so that by the time the third is turned the per-

former has not the slightest idea of his position with reference to the earth, and is powerless to save himself. If he does not break his neck it is simply a lucky accident.

Hiram Franklin, who was one of the best riders and general performers of his day, first did a double somersault from a springboard in this country sixty years ago, in Niblo's Garden, and the first to do it from the ground was Henry Reynolds, in the old Bowery Amphitheater, in 1844. Now it is a common accomplishment to turn double somersaults, but that is twirling enough for the prudent men in the business.

A somewhat varied form of the "leaping act," technically known as the "Spanish Trampoline," which used to be practiced in all circuses and is never seen now, was especially dangerous.

In that the men sprang from a solid starting point instead of a springboard, and went over horses, the number of which was increased gradually.

Tim Turner cleared sixteen horses, and Hiram Franklin seventeen.

The extreme difficulty of such a leap will be in some measure realized if it is remembered that the men had to find all the impetus for it in their own muscles and their little run, having no aid of a springboard to lift them to such a height as enables the somersaults to be made with ease.

In the "trampoline" acts they almost touched the horses' backs while turning their somersaults, and at the same time were going forward with cannon-ball-like velocity to clear the enormous distance.

Of course, many men were crippled for life in this act, and happily it seems now to be altogether done away with.

James M. Nixon, who was not only one of the most experienced circus managers in the country, but who used to be a star rider many years ago, when he was young and charming, was decidedly of the opinion that there was quite risk enough in riding in the circus ring to satisfy any man of reasonable fondness for excitement. He said:

"There is nothing else so break-necky in the business, and the reason is that the rider is so entirely dependent upon his horse. His own movements may be as precise as those of a machine, but those of the horse constitute an unknown quantity in the problem. When you go up off his back, you don't know where he is or where you will find him when you come down. He ought to be right under you all the time, but however well you may have him trained, he is liable to move a little quicker or a little slower the instant he is relieved of your weight, and his almost imperceptible little change of gait is what makes to you the difference between a round of applause and a bed in a hospital. Necks have been broken, legs and ribs fractured, joints dislocated, and knee-caps smashed innumerable times, just because horses did not do exactly what was expected of them."

It seems, however, that some performers, in their ambition to achieve new and startling feats, voluntarily increase those hazards.

James Fish originated the complicated intermingling of a somersault and a half pirouette in one operation in the air, turning half around and completely over at the same time, rising from and landing upon, if he had good luck, the bare back of a galloping steed.

Of course, he risked his neck every time he did it, and in return won the appreciative applause of about one hundred of those who saw him, the others seeing nothing particularly remarkable in the feat.

Another famous rider named Sebastian used to turn a somersault from the back of his horse and go through a space barely large enough for his body to pass between the points of keen bowie knives set in a hoop.

Martin Lowande did the same thing off a bare-backed horse.

Their clothing was cut and their skins were gashed nearly every time they did the act, but, beyond that they have thus far escaped serious injury.

If the holder of the hoop should make a very slight error in presenting it to the somersaulting figure at exactly the proper point, a fatal accident would be the very probable consequence.

One of the most dangerous individual feats ever preformed in a circus ring was the "catapult" act, done by Lulu years ago.

In that the performer laid himself straight and rigid on a great beam that was poised like a lever with him on the long end, and a number of strong India rubber springs straining at the other. Then at a signal a trigger was touched, the power of the springs exerted, and Lulu was sent whirling up almost to the roof of the Garden, and turning a somersault, landed in a net with his eye-glasses still upon his nose. The tension of those springs changed surprisingly in sympathy with scarcely observable changes in the temperature, so that for almost every performance some of them had to be taken off or more put on. One day, just before the doors were opened for the evening performance, Lulu had an impression that he ought to test the machine before risking himself upon it that night. He tried to persuade himself that it was useless to take the trouble, since he had been thrown just right in the afternoon, and he could not feel that the temperature in the Garden had changed at all.

The impression remained, however, and at length, yielding to it, he called his assistants, set the machine, put on it the bag of gravel equal to his weight—used for the tests—and touched it off. That bag of gravel was hurled clear up into the lantern of the roof, and struck a beam there with such force that it burst. Had he been the object catapulted, instead of the bag, he would have fallen to the net a mangled corpse. He simply remarked, "Close call," and placidly went to work reducing the number of springs.

The cannon act, as done by Mme. Loyal, had the same element of danger that existed in the catapult, those treacherous India rubber springs. She was apparently fired from the mouth of the cannon up some twenty-seven feet to a trapeze, where she caught on and did some quite clever business. If the pistol—set to go off when she did—didn't happen to hang fire, the illusion was excellent, and she went up with such grace and ease that there didn't seem to be much difficulty or any danger in the performance. But had she not held herself as rigid as a log when put into the cannon, her legs would inevitably have been broken when she was fired out; as certainly as

Lulu's skull would have been cracked if he had not held it tight against the catapult beam the moment when he was thrown.

The introduction of the nets now spread under all aerial performers has reduced to mere seeming the apparent danger of their feats. But it has not been a great while since there were no nets, and life and limb were imperiled at each performance.

When Leonard first did the great flying trapeze act, originated by him, he practiced it without any safeguard, but at a moderate elevation, in the Toulon gymnasium, and then, at his first production of it in the Cirque Napoleon, in Paris, swung his trapezes at such a height that if he had missed his clutch by but a fraction of an inch he would have fallen fifty-five feet to the ground.

Doubtless he would have put them still higher if the roof had not been in his way.

As they were, the only way he had of getting to his starting perch was by descending a little spiral staircase from the lantern in the dome to it.

No wonder Paris stood aghast at such a performance under such conditions.

A singularly venturesome and dangerous act was done here in the variety theatres some years ago by Mrs. Kabowl, formerly Miss Jackley, one of the famous English family of acrobats bearing that name.

She had a nest of ten tables built to "telescope" together, which, when worked up to their full extension limit, elevated her upon the top-most one to a height of thirty-five feet.

Standing up there, she would let herself drop backward, as if by accident, turn a somersault in the air, land upon her hands on the edge of the lowest table, and bounding off it, alight erect upon the stage. And, furthermore, while in the air on the way down, she would change her costume, alighting in different colored trunks and jacket from those in which she appeared but a moment before on the apex of the pyramid.

Nobody could understand how she could do it even once without breaking her neck, yet she went right along doing it hundreds of times.

"Probably rather difficult, but not particularly dangerous," would, in all likelihood, express the popular judgment upon the ordinary "four-brothers" act.

"Well, it is not so "break-necky"—to use one of Nixon's words—as some other things that are done in the ring, but it hurts sometimes, and the "brother" who stands up to be jumped from and jumped on gets most of the damages.

In one of their evolutions, a second mounts the shoulders of the first—who is called the "understander"—a third mounts to the shoulders of the second and stands erect there, a fourth climbs up and stands on the shoulders of the third. Then the second and third simultaneously jump out from under the fourth, who drops upon the shoulders of the first, turning a somersault as he falls.

The "understander" covers his head with a silk cap to fold his ears in close and shield them so that the descending feet may not tear them off, but sometimes the cap is moved accidentally by the departing feet of the second man.

In that case the ears are likely to suffer.

INTERESTING ARTICLES

SEVEN WONDERS OF THE WORLD

In ancient times these were generally reckoned as follows:

1. Pyramids of Egypt.
2. The Hanging Gardens of Babylon.
3. The Mausoleum of Halicarnasus.
4. The Temple of Diana at Ephesus.
5. The Colossus of Rhodes.
6. The Paros at Alexandria.
7. The Statue of the Olympian Jove in Elis.

The above are the seven wonders generally referred to and should not be confused with the seven wonders of the Middle Ages.

PARROT'S CURIOSITY SAVES HIS OWN LIFE

Curiosity may often prove the nemesis of the cat, but in the case of "Billy the parrot" it went a long way toward saving his life.

Billy was surprised at 4:30 o'clock when his owner, Theodore Louyinger, ran through the house carrying buckets of water. The parrot started shouting persistently, "What's the matter? What's the matter?"

His cries attracted the attention of Louyinger, who dashed through the flames and into the kitchen, removed the cage from the hook and carried the parrot safely to the yard, away from the fire.

SODA WATER

Soda water, sold in drug stores and other places, consists of a mixture of carbonic acid and water, flavored with various kinds of syrups. For this reason, special contrivances, such as pumps, cylinders, etc., are required for making and serving it. A glass of plain soda, to which any flavor may be added, is compounded by placing in one tumbler thirty grains of carbonate of soda, and in another twenty-five grains of tartaric or citric acid. An equal quantity of water is poured in each glass, stirred with a spoon, and then mixed by pouring the contents of one into the other. The result is an effervescent and cooling drink.

INDIANS INSTALL "JUNGLE" AT THE SESQUI EXPOSITION

All of the luxuriant growth which characterizes the dense forests of India will be found in the jungle which is now "growing" in one section of the India Building at the Sesqui-Centennial International Exposition in Philadelphia.

Seductive paths and winding trails will thread the labyrinth which will be filled with palms, vines, shrubbery and exotic flowers peculiar to India.

Many small animals and birds native to the oriental country will inhabit the jungle and a python sixteen feet long will be a captive there. Tuffed examples of tigers, leopards and other large species may also be found.

The entrance to the spot will be through a great sculptural arch, now being completed, and the maze will terminate in a glowing sunset scene.

The idea of the jungle originated with the Indian authorities only last week, and it is ex-

pected that within ten days it will be ready for the exploration of Sesqui visitors.

"PRAIRIE" FIRE SWEEPS BUFFALO PEN IN ZOO

Seven bored buffalo, blase in the face of a civilization that regards them merely as exhibits, and a little buffalette, had a taste of atavism a few days ago when a "prairie" fire—such as that which used to send herds of their ancestors bounding across the plains years ago—swept through their pen in the Central Park Zoo.

It was the geese in the model barn-yard, several pens away, that first gave the alarm. When Engine Company No. 39 arrived piles of hay in the buffalo enclosure were blazing fiercely while the bison, heads lowered angrily toward the flames, had backed into a far corner. In their midst and shielded from the heat was a little buffalo born a few months ago.

To the accompaniment of roars, screeches, howls and grunts from animals in nearby cages, the firemen made short work of the blaze, which scorched the buffalo house in the rear of the pen. Police believe the fire may have been started by a careless smoker.

EXPERTS PLAN THIRTEEN-MONTH YEAR

The calendar reform experts of the League of Nations, according to current reports, are moving slowly but surely to the conviction that the year should be divided into thirteen months of equal length instead of the present system of twelve months.

By this system each month would have twenty-eight days, and the day needed to complete the 365 would be added to the end of December as a twenty-ninth day, becoming the eighth day of the last week of the year.

The new thirteenth month would be inserted between June and July and, presumably, would be called a solar midyear month. When leap year arrives the scheme provides for the insertion of an extra day at the end of June to be known as an international holiday.

It is understood that the committee, which already has reached a tentative agreement that Easter should be fixed for the second Sunday in April, probably will have two other plans of calendar reform presented to it.

These plans probably will be offered by Willis H. Booth, American delegate on the committee, and by representatives of the Catholic, the Greek Orthodox and the English churches. The first would keep the calendar as it is with the fixation, however, of a definite date for Easter. The second would revise the present months so that each quarter of the year would contain ninety-one days, the extra day being inserted by agreement.

The program of the committee is to submit the advantages and disadvantages of all plans placed before it to the Transit Committee of the League and to all interested bodies, such as governments, churches, business and educational organizations. It is hoped thus to awaken public opinion to the necessity of doing something to overcome what are felt to be defects in the present calendar.

CURRENT NEWS

DIAMONDS

Diamonds were known and worn as jewels in India 5,000 years ago and used as cutters and gravers 8,000 years ago.

TOOTH POWDER

You can make a very good tooth powder by mixing the following: Powdered soap, two drams; powdered orris root, one ounce, precipitated chalk, two ounces, and oil of wintergreen, five drops.

UNLICENSED FLIER FINED

Alfred Kamm of Glastonbury, who has been flying a plane for passengers between this city and Rhode Island, was fined \$50 under the State aviation law for neglecting to obtain a pilot's license and to have the plane registered.

The aviator contended that he applied for registration on May 18 but the Aviation Department's inspector refused to pass it. He admitted making an interstate flight on July 4, but contended that flying within the State under the law meant take-offs and landings within the State exclusively.

HOW, TO INCREASE WEIGHT

Begin in September by taking a teaspoonful of emulsion of cod liver oil after each meal. Drink four glasses of milk every day. Eat potatoes, bread and butter freely, and take plenty of cocoa and good soups. Increase the dose of cod liver oil emulsion to two tablespoonsfuls after each meal. Get eight or nine hours in bed and live properly. These measures will increase your weight.

TO REMOVE TATTOO MARKS

Once tattooed, always tattooed, was formerly the rule; but a French army surgeon, Doctor Tranchant, has discovered a method of removing tattoo marks, whether made with India ink or lampblack. The process consists of first rubbing the skin until a thin layer of the surface is worn away, then applying a mixture of lime, slaked just before use, and powdered phosphorus. The tattooed part having been coated with this paste, a piece of gauze is laid over it, covered with a bandage. The dressing is removed after forty-eight hours. The scab is allowed to dry in the air, and comes away in about a fortnight, without leaving a scar. If any trace of the tattooing then remains, the treatment is repeated. Doctor Tranchant claims to have applied this treatment in a great many cases, with perfect success.

BIG OUTDOOR BATHING POOL OPENED FOR SESQUI CROWDS

The largest outdoor bathing pool of its kind has been thrown open to visitors to the Sesqui-Centennial International Exposition, now being held in Philadelphia. The pool is 1,200 feet long by 600 feet wide, surrounded by a splendid sloping beach. The maximum depth in the centre of the lagoon is seven feet.

The great locker and dressing rooms will accommodate 10,000 bathers at one time and the

wide expanse of beach permits 50,000 spectators to assemble in comfort. The pool is complete with all of the facilities of a summer resort, including daily tests of the water by Philadelphia Health Department officials and life guards and first-aid stations.

WIN HOT FIGHT WITH BEES

The postal authorities of Armagh, Ireland, recently won a fight to collect a lone letter in a box at Girvan's Bridge over the protests of a swarm of bees that had taken refuge there. The battle was won after a "mass attack" by authorities under cover of smoke clouds.

When the postman attempted to collect the solitary letter he encountered the swarm of bees and hastily retreated, with his head in his post bag. He was ordered to make a fresh attack, and this time, instead of picking up the letter, the postman picked up five stings, which drove him off.

Again the postal authorities refused to admit themselves beaten. Reinforcements were called to carry out a smoke attack, which was successful, and the letter was sent on its way.

BULLDOG CLEARED WHEN JUDGE SEES "ONE TOOTH" BITE

Issie Lyons, thirty-five, of No. 110 East Tenth Street, limped into Essex Market Court recently bearing a pair of torn fingers, a self-determined reputation for perfect veracity and a charge that the bulldog of Joseph Scheresson, of No. 104 East Tenth Street, had bitten him.

Scheresson denied the charge, insisting that his dog was muzzled when the alleged mayhem took place. He added that it was all spite work.

Said Lyons, indignantly, to Magistrate Corrigan:

"Judge, I never told a lie in my life!"

The magistrate inspected the bite, remarking that if that was a bite the dog must have had only one tooth. He dismissed the charge.

FRENCHWOMAN, 87 YEARS OLD, MAKES RECORD IN SWIMMING

Mme. Cuvelier Desprez of Roubaix contends she is the oldest swimmer in the world. At the age of 87 she established a swimming record a few days ago for one hour, using every kind of stroke alternately.

When the old lady went to buy a ticket at the women's swimming baths in Roubaix the checking clerk, astonished at her aged appearance and wrinkled face, hesitated to allow her to enter the pool, asking whether she was quite sure she could swim and suggesting she had better be very careful.

"You attend to your business," came the sprightly reply. "I learned to swim eighty-three years back when I was 4 years old. I don't need the advice of a young person like you."

Born in August, 1839, she is the daughter of a professional swimming master of Roubaix, having herself taught swimming for many years in the Samaritan Baths in Paris.

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